WEEK
ENDING
DEC. 25, 1926

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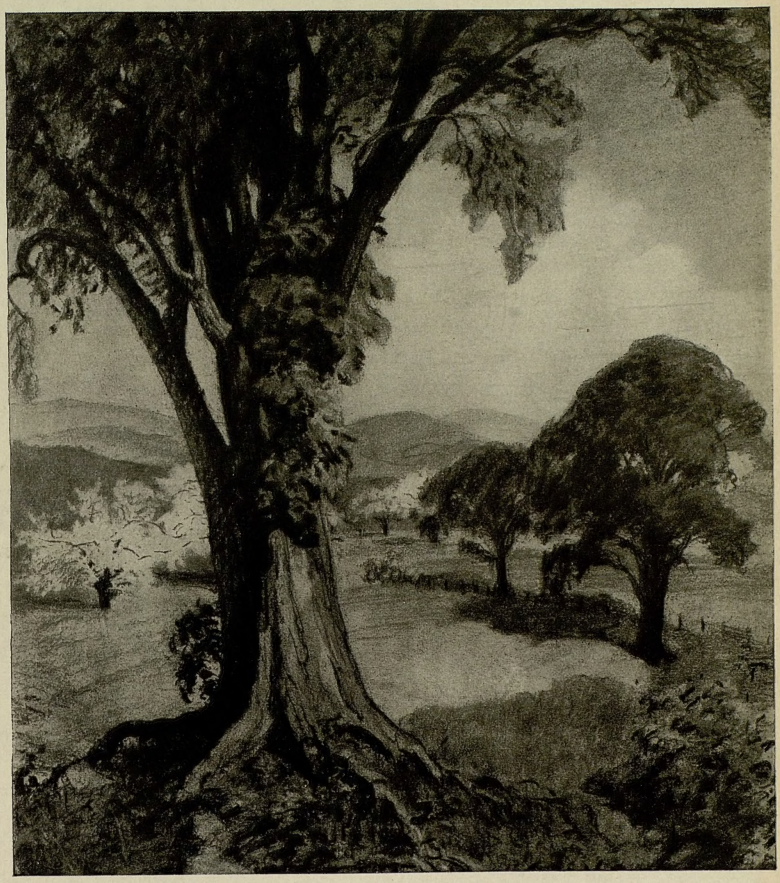
Liberty

In this Issue **WORTHY FOEMEN** *by* **ACHMED ABDULLAH**

As long as the sap keeps rising



A BOTANIST was asked the question, "When does a tree stop growing?" His answer was, "When the sap no longer rises to the top."

A SUCCESSFUL newspaper must be rooted deep in the confidence of its readers. It gains its strength from the public. To continue to grow and widen its sphere of usefulness, it must draw from this public the sap of editorial vigor, and that sap must rise to the very top of the editorial structure. News editors, managing editor, editor-in-chief, and publisher, all must be in intimate, living contact with the public served, or the newspaper will not grow and will begin to atrophy.

IN RECOGNITION of this principle of nature and of newspaperdom, Scripps-Howard newspapers are edited not from offices in distant cities but from the very life of the communities in which they are published. Further, these newspapers are edited by young men—men who are drawn from the Scripps-Howard organization.

SCRIPPS - HOWARD

THAT is one of the chief reasons why these newspapers have been growing steadily since their founding in 1879. Not only are they deeply rooted in the confidence of the public, but they are also continually revitalized by the vigor of young men.

CONSEQUENTLY, the Scripps-Howard newspapers command the respect and confidence of their readers—more than a million and a half families—in twenty-four leading cities—from Pittsburgh in the East to San Francisco in the West.

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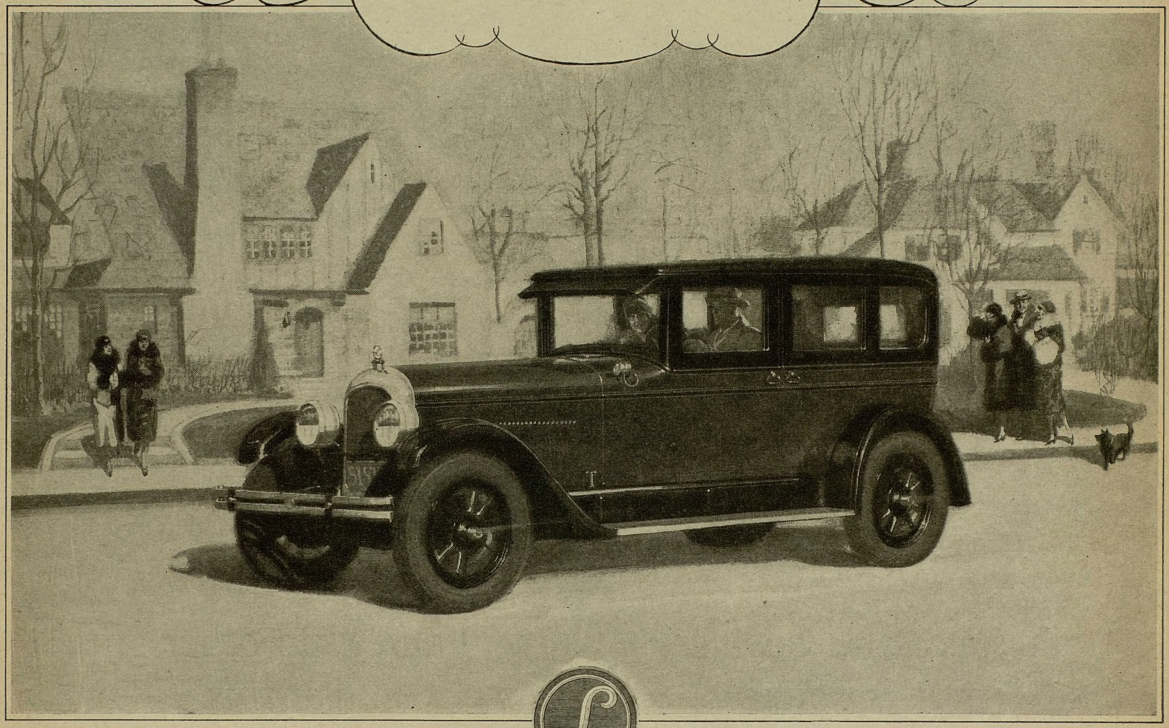

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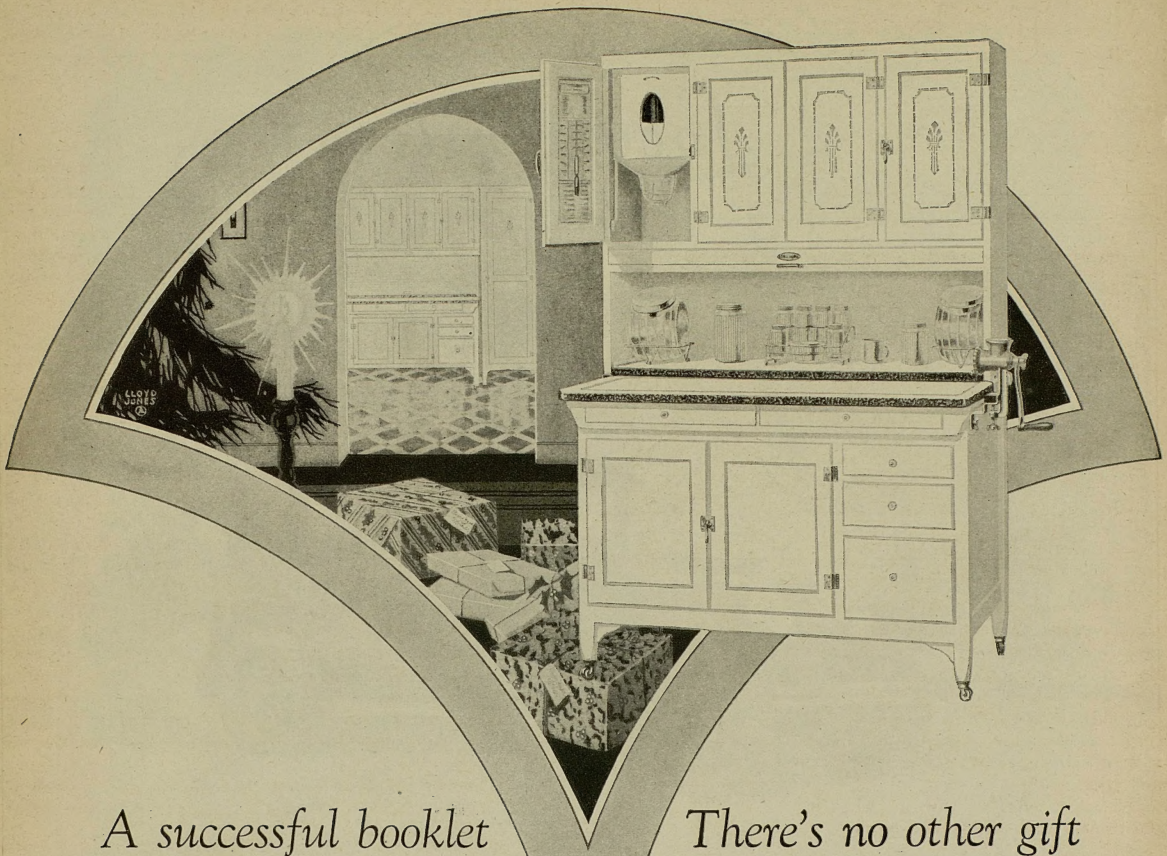

A successful booklet that is yours

Thousands of American women—and men too—have been delighted with it. And every new mail is bringing new requests for it. Packed full of thoughtful suggestions for the betterment of kitchen economy you will find it—suggestions regarding ideal kitchen plans, more colorful and more efficient kitchens. This handsome booklet "L-13," will be gladly sent, without obligation, by request to G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana.

There's no other gift like this

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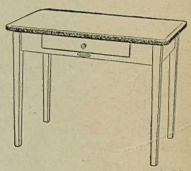

SELLERS KITCHEN TABLE

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

Dec. 25, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

IT COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR—*An Editorial*

Christmas night, several million adult human beings will sigh and say: "Well, thank Heaven, *that* is over for another year." Several million others will grouch and complain about the expense and growl that Christmas is a nuisance, and that, next year, they will cut out a lot of this senseless giving of gifts.

Then, after having grouched and crabbed and complained, they may happen to tiptoe into a nursery and see the face of a tired child hugging a beloved toy close in its warm arms, and they will realize that they did not mean it, and tiptoe away, convinced that, after all, Christmas is all right and all the trouble and expense are justified.

Christmas is the one day in the 365 when, in spite of cynicism and world weariness, we get a real taste of what this world might be on all the other days of the year but for human perversity. No one ever heard of a war being declared on Christmas Day, or even the most rabid of fanatics choosing it to start adding to the sum of human misery.

There is something in the spirit of the day that makes it easier to forgive our enemies, and even to forgive some of our friends, and to acknowledge our own shortcomings, than on any other day. No matter how hard-boiled a man may be or what religion he may have been born into, the sight of happy children, the warm greetings and handclasps, the shouts of "Merry Christmas!" will soften him. Try it on yourself, and see whether you do not find yourself smiling sheepishly at first, then regretting that you had not thought of sending some little gift or token to an old, half-forgotten friend, or giving some useful thing to a needy acquaintance on this, the only day on which such gifts may be made without injuring pride.

Miscellaneous giving, giving reluctantly from some sense of duty, extravagant giving to those who need nothing, may border on foolishness; but if, in the aggregate, you succeed in adding a bit to the world's sum of happiness, Christmas giving is justified.

Even if your thoughtfulness, or perhaps the gift itself, fails to add much joy to the day for the recipient, you'll get your money's worth in that warming sense of satisfaction which is the result of each unselfish act.

If it does nothing else, Christmas reveals to us plainly the fact that the state of our world is not so black as it seems at times, nor the future of the human race so dark as it often appears to be. If, for one day, human beings can practice partial Peace on Earth and Good Will Toward Man, it proves that some future generations may practice these qualities all the year round.

Instead of "Thank Heaven, it comes but once a year," pray that the old Negro spiritual, Every Day'll Be Christmas By an' By, may come true.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The Accidental Kiss

EMBITTERED by tragedy, a man buries himself alive in a little port town of the tropics. He tries to put far behind him all the lures of womankind. And then, arriving out of nowhere, a trusting, wistful Miss of eighteen, throws herself on his mercy! That's the situation that brings on the crisis in Austin Parker's powerful two-part story, The Accidental Kiss. Give yourself the treat of reading it.

Did you know that habitual violators of certain of the Ten Commandments run the risk of being turned down for life insurance? Florabel Muir tells about this business with millions of detectives in Betting Millions on Morals.

Captain Elliott White Springs, one of the Aces whose exploits put the kick in War Birds, gives us an amazing narrative of a flyer's luck in love and war. He's called it Odyssey 1918. Don't miss this tale of war as it really is.

Lieutenant John A. Macready writes The Cloud Jumpers: the story of the hazards taken by the intrepid test pilots who tried out the first airplane parachutes. It's all set down in a way that will thrill you.

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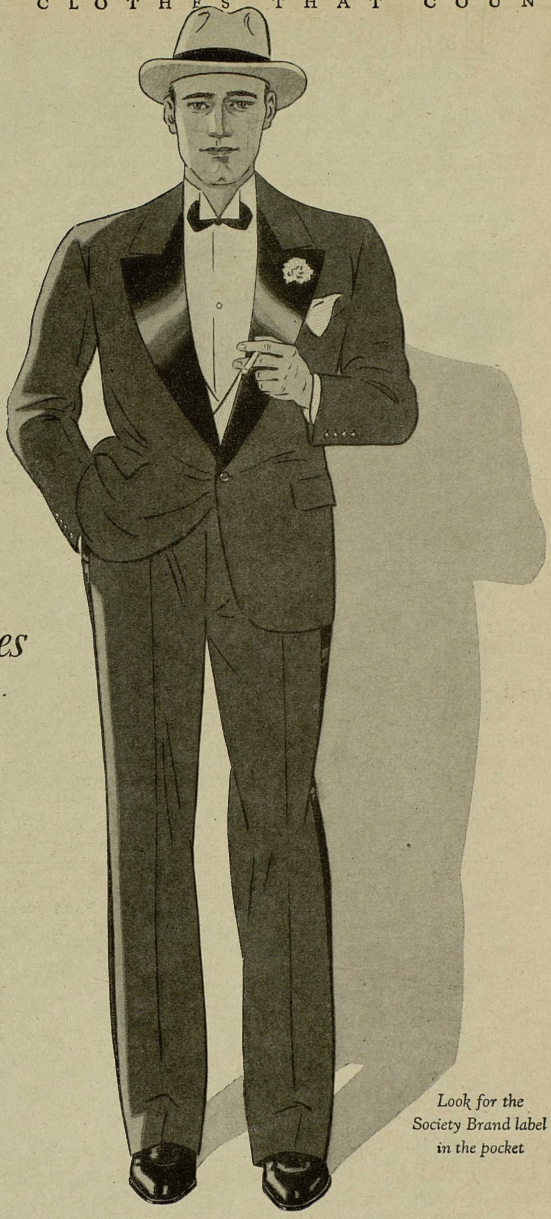
IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS



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Worthy FOEMEN

Pictures by JOSEPH SIMONT

The Story of a Romance in Which a Sword Became Cupid's Arrow

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

HE found her very pretty, with her black coiled hair, her small waxen features, her violet-blue eyes.

THE palace seemed an epitome of old-fashioned French grandeur; not Republican—since the Dukes de Montaiglon had never admitted that the Republic of France existed—but the grandeur of Bourbon tradition that had died under the guillotine.

This tradition was not only the keynote of the building itself, including the charming, rather drafty Louis Quinze salons, the bad plumbing, and the insufficient number of bathrooms. It was, too, the keynote of the people who crowded the palace tonight. They were, one and all, aristocrats of prerevolutionary vintage and closely interrelated.

Old and young, they had, almost without exception, that subtle quality which goes by the name of breeding and is really the result of careful, at times careless, inbreeding—an elusive, spiritual aroma of ancient, slightly musty glory. "Like the bouquet of a bottle of fine old Burgundy," thought Raoul de Girardin, as he surrendered high hat and silk-lined cape to a lackey in powdered wig.

It was his first appearance in Paris society, and he was young and ingenuous enough to feel impressed by the fact that he belonged here by right of blood; to feel a certain thrill when his hostess, the widowed Duchess de Montaiglon, greeted him as "Cousin Raoul."

He bent over her wrinkled hand.

"*Madame la Duchesse,*" he mumbled.

"Don't call me that." She had a voice like a sergeant of dragoons. "Call me 'cousin.' It is our custom."

He blushed; hated himself for blushing. No doubt of it, he thought; he was socially ill at ease, in spite of his pride.

He grew more so as the Duchess took him the rounds of the older generation—the younger people were dancing in the yellow salon—and, in her booming basso profundo accents, introduced him right and left: to "Cousin Charles,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WORTHY FOEMEN Continued from Page Seven]

the white-bearded poet whose drably immaculate private life gave the lie direct to his stanzas of purple passion; to "Cousin Henriette," who was parrot-beaked and fiercely mustached, and, for reasons unknown, wore spats and woolen stockings with her deeply decollete evening gown; to "Cousin Robert," who turned out to be a Cardinal of Holy Church, superb in scarlet and amethyst.

Raoul de Girardin was glad when at last the Duchess left him to his own devices, and, behind a potted palm, he found refuge in a comfortable chair, a decent cigar, and his thoughts.

He had looked forward to tonight's ball. But, so far, it had been an ordeal. He had the Latin's clannish devotion to his own kith and kin. Still, with their stiff bows, their precise phrases, their chilly eyes, they seemed different from him. After all, they were Parisians. They were of the French, French.

He, on the other hand, was a Corsican, for all his French blood; and he had spent the twenty-five years of his life in a gaunt, rickety manor house—called "castle" partly by courtesy and partly by irony—on the west coast of the island, with his mother, Madame de Girardin.

She belonged to the famous Corsican family of Pozzo-Paoli. She had been married to a Frenchman who, so her father, Raoul's grandfather, had told him one day, had died on their honeymoon.

"At the time of your father's death your mother's mind became deranged," old Count Pozzo-Paoli had said to Raoul. "She recovered. It seems she has forgotten him—a blank spot in her brain, I suppose. But there is always the danger of a relapse. So you must never mention your father's name to her."

"No, grandfather."

Only once, inadvertently, had he broken his promise. He had found a dusty photograph in an old book, the picture of a young man in a cavalry uniform, and across it, in a bold handwriting: "*Je t'aime follement!*"

"Is this father?" he had blurted out.

She had taken the picture. She had stared at Raoul, without speaking. The veins swelled on her forehead.

Raoul, terribly contrite, had tried to apologize.

She had smiled. It was, suddenly, as if the question had not been asked.

"You love me, Raoul?" had come her slow voice.

"With all my heart, mother."

HE did love her, tenderly, devotedly; had been very happy with her in the rickety old manor house, living the usual, rather primitive life of a Corsican country gentleman.

Quite suddenly, almost overnight, he had become bored with his life.

He had told his mother so, adding:

"I am going to Paris."

"To—to Paris? What for?"

"To make a career."

"Aren't you happy here? If there is anything I can do to make you more contented, Raoul! If——"

"You are the dearest little mother in all the world. But—I am ambitious."

At last she had given in; and, using Corsican political influence, he had obtained an appointment in the Ministry of the Interior.

Then, a few days before his departure, had come another argument between mother and son.

"Of course," he had said, careful not to mention his father's name, "I shall call on some of our relatives in Paris."

There had followed a silence in which—Raoul had been sure of it, had wondered why—his mother had fought passionately for self-control. After a frantic struggle she had recovered.

"I am nervous," she had explained, "because you are leaving. But, please, don't call on our family! Promise me—please!"

"But"—he had been frankly puzzled; had felt slightly irritated at her secretiveness—"if there is a special reason which I should know——"

"What special reason should there be?" Once more she had spoken vehemently; had once more regained her self-control. "You see," she had added slowly, as if hunting for words, "you are a Corsican—and they are French—and——"

"Heavens!" He had laughed with relief, thinking he understood her now. "You *are* provincial, aren't you? Quite a fierce little fire-eating Corsican patriot, eh? Well, if my French relatives won't bite me, I won't bite them. And, seriously, how can I avoid meeting them? They would think it strange if I did not look them up."

"Why," she had agreed suddenly, "you are right! They *would* think it strange. I shall write to the Duchess de Montaiglon."

He had been naively thrilled.

"Oh!" he had exclaimed. "A duchess? Glorious!"

"My mother and her mother were first cousins."

"More and more glorious!"

SO his mother had written the letter; and, on his arrival in Paris a week later, Raoul had found a crested note at his hotel, requesting his presence at a supper-ball the following Saturday.

And here he was, smoking a cigar, staring gloomily down at his shoes.

A young girl, who had come from the other side of the potted palm, was observing him without his being aware of her.

Such a sulky young man, she thought. But not bad looking. Intensely, tersely masculine, and—she decided with quick sympathy—he seemed oversensitive, seemed even quixotic.

She spoke suddenly:

"Are you Cousin Raoul?"

He was startled; looked up; rose; bowed deeply.

"Yes, and you——?"

"I am your Cousin Isabelle. I don't resemble my mother, do I?"

"Who is your mother?"

"The Duchess de Montaiglon herself!" she replied, with a perfect imitation of the older woman's rumbling basso profundo.

He laughed.

He found her very pretty, with her dress of Byzantine gold that vividly brought out the brilliant, bluish sheen of her black coiled hair, her small waxen features, her violet-blue eyes.

"No," he said. "You don't resemble your mother the least little bit."

They talked easily, naturally, as if they had known each other for years. They liked each other at once.

Presently, as the music from the yellow salon rushed out more distinctly, he took her in to dance. She taught him the latest Paris steps, introduced from America via London; and he taught her some ancient Corsican steps, which would be rediscovered some day and become ultra-modern.

There was a gypsy orchestra. The music was soft, droning, seductive.

This, thought Raoul, is the nicest thing that ever happened to me in my life. And how lovely she is—like a Madonna with a red, adventurous mouth.

Then the music stopped, and there was a champagne and lobster-salad supper; and, sitting by her side, he said to himself that he was in love with her.

Violently in love!

The thought, the knowledge of it, occurred to him suddenly.

It caused a glimmer in his soul—growing rapidly, overwhelmingly, into a great light.

Perhaps this light was reflected in his dark eyes.

For, speaking across her champagne glass, Isabelle asked him:

"What is the matter?"

He knelt by the wounded man's side; examined him with skilled, tender fingers.

He meant to reply: "Why—don't you know? I love you."

Instead, his words were: "There goes the music again! Shall we have another dance?"

"Gladly."

"Pardon," a voice cut in sharply; "I thought it was my dance."

They turned.

An elderly man stood there, tall and lean, with a face like a weary bloodhound. Worn thin by life, he seemed, perhaps by vice, yet with an extraordinary sadness in his steel-gray bloodshot eyes.

"Oh, yes," said Isabelle. "I forgot. I promised you the next waltz, didn't I?" And, to Raoul: "Let me introduce our Cousin Clovis—Clovis, Prince de Bretigny; Raoul de Girardin."

The two men bowed to each other.

"De Girardin, eh?" echoed the Prince, staring at Raoul out of puckered, scrutinizing eyes.

Raoul flushed. Somehow he felt jealous—jealous, that is, less directly than indirectly—because the other must have known Isabelle for years and he himself had met her only tonight.

The Prince must have read a little of his thoughts.

He laughed rather disagreeably.

"Women," he said with succinct brutality, "have bored me these fifteen years or so. I find forbidden fruit terribly indigestible."

"And yet you claimed this waltz!" smiled Isabelle.

"Self-sacrifice on my part."

He turned to Raoul:

"The Duchess told me about you. In the Ministry of the Interior, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Look me up some time—Club Cosmopolite."

HE walked away with Isabelle to the yellow salon, while Raoul wondered why he had seemed so strangely familiar. He must have seen his picture somewhere.

The next moment he told himself that, of course, he had seen it, had read his name in occasional metropolitan newspapers that had reached Corsica: Clovis de Bretigny—why, the man was famous as well as notorious; famous as the best swordsman, notorious as the most dangerous duelist in Paris.

Thinking of him, Raoul felt conscious of a queer mingling of emotions: partly unreasonable sympathy, partly unreasonable antipathy. But, chiefly, the man interested him, fascinated him. He would accept his invitation and look him up at the Cosmopolite.

He returned to the yellow salon.

But the waltz was the last dance of the evening. Already there was a rush and crush of departing guests, with Isabelle saying good-by to people right and left, so that he could only whisper a hurried word:

"Shall I meet you again—soon?"

"Next Thursday, at the Galitzines'."

"I don't know them."

"I shall see to it that you get an invitation."

He was out on the street. He decided to walk home.

Night had dropped with a black, purple-nicked veil, melting farther south into a drab cosmos where the brown, moist haze from the Seine drifted up, twisting and turning to the call of the river wind. Oh, it was great to be young! Great to be in Paris! Great to be in love!

Love. It took him and shook him to the roots of his being, because in all his life he had had no base knowledge of passion.

Too bad this was the twentieth century — the century of paper and not of steel. No more chance for high, stirring deeds.

OH, yes; there would be, must be, a chance.

He clutched his cane as if it were a rapier; made a pass at an invisible enemy; called:

"*En garde!* Defend yourself!"

Then he heard laughter behind him. He turned and saw the Prince de Bretigny.

"Fighting shadows, eh?" said the latter. "Perilous pastime. I have done it for years."

He fell into step by Raoul's side. "Care to drop in at the Cosmopolite for a nightcap?"

"Thanks."

Ten minutes later they reached the club. There was the usual swish of cards, the click of the roulette ball, the croupier's metallic announcements. They entered a small room and ordered drinks. For a while they talked impersonalities: horses, politics.

Quite suddenly the older man asked:

"How is your mother?"

"Very well. You know her?"

"Used to know her—many years ago."

If just then Raoul had not stopped to pick his cigar from the floor he would have noticed that the Prince's face had turned the color of ashes. By the time Raoul straightened up the other looked himself again. Only his lips were twitching slightly, and he added, in a curiously tense voice:

"Don't mention my name if you write to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WORTHY FOEMEN
Continued from Page Nine]

her. You must not"—sharply—"do you hear?"

"But——"

"My name would remind her—well, of your father."

Then Raoul remembered what his grandfather had made him promise.

"I shall not breathe a word about you," he replied; and, after a silence: "You knew my father?"

"I don't care to speak of him"—briefly.

Raoul scented an old romance. He smiled—and the Prince read his thoughts.

"You are wrong," he said. "Your father was not jealous of me, nor I of him." He gave a short laugh. "There was no occasion. Never mind. I like few people; but I like you. I want to help you all I can. First of all, you must join this club. Good for you—socially and politically."

SO Raoul joined the Cosmopolite and spent there many an hour, mostly with the Prince. More and more the latter fascinated him with his irony, his witty words, his witty silences. There was something amazing about the man—like the ghost of a superb former recklessness which might jump to life again, suddenly, glitteringly.

And his reputation! A man of the sword; a successful duelist.

It thrilled Raoul to notice with what careful politeness the Prince de Bretigny was treated by the other club members; how his fame as a duelist had surrounded him with a sort of steely aura no one dared overstep; how people avoided getting into a more than casual argument with him.

* * *

In the meantime Raoul saw a great deal of Isabelle de Montaiglon. One invitation led to another. Day by day he fell more deeply in love with her, until, one evening, in a convenient conservatory, he told her so. Glorious things he was going to say to her; sweeping, poetic, overwhelming things.

And all he said—so humbly—was:

"I love you."

She said even less.

She just whispered: "Oh!" And then—did he kiss her or she him?—there were young lips touching vibrantly.

After a while he said:

"Tomorrow I shall speak to your mother. Will you tell her I am coming?"

"Yes, best beloved."

He found the Duchess de Montaiglon waiting for him the following morning.

She spoke first:

"I know what you are going to ask—Isabelle told me—and my answer is no! Cousin Raoul—dear Raoul," she continued very gently, "I have grown fond of you, and so—please—do not ask me my reason."

"I must know. You know I must."

She sighed.

"Of course you must." She put a wrinkled hand on his arm. "You see—I am a foolish old woman with foolish old-fashioned prejudices. I am the Duchess de Montaiglon, while you—you are——"

He sensed at once, instinctively, what she was going to say; sensed, too, that it was true!

"I am an illegitimate son?" he interrupted, his face dead white.

"Yes."

"Who was my father?"

"I don't know. Your mother absolutely refused to tell. I suppose because she loved the man—wished to shield him. I helped her at the time. So did her father and my late husband. Nobody else knew. We lied, bribed, perjured ourselves, forged official papers, broke half a dozen laws—and succeeded."

"But my name—de Girardin?"

The Duchess greeted him as "Cousin Raoul"; he bent over her wrinkled hand.

"Centuries ago we had such a title in our family."

After a silence she went on:

"There are my prejudices; so silly, so medieval, I know. But I cannot help it. I cannot permit the marriage. The blood of Bourbon and Valois is in my veins—while you——"

"I believe," he cut in coldly, "that illegitimacy, if it proved its mettle, was no obstacle to high honors and brilliant marriages in the days of Bourbon and Valois."

"Quite!" admitted the Duchess. "But those were the centuries when a man had a chance to prove his mettle by some splendid deed. Democracy has changed all that. Democracy means mediocrity."

"There was the war."

"Herd courage; wholesale heroism. When a million men suffer and die superbly, the individual deed of valor disappears."

"VERY well." He went to the door. "I shall go and look for this individual deed. A deed that will stir Paris to the core, and"—ironically—"out of respect for your medieval prejudices, a deed in the spirit of the old nobility—either very arrogant or very quixotic; perhaps a blending of both. And then I shall once more have the honor of asking you for your daughter's hand. *Au revoir, Madame la Duchesse!*"

He left.

She looked after him.

"I believe he'll do it!" she said to herself. "I hope he will."

As he crossed the dark vestibule he felt soft arms about him, heard a soft whisper:

"I listened at the door. I don't care what you are—who you are. I shall run away with you—tonight. We can marry in Switzerland."

"No. My father was guilty of a grave error. I shall not be guilty of the slightest toward the woman I love. But," in his haughtiest Corsican manner, somehow savoring the situation in spite of the tragedy, "I shall succeed."

"Of course." She kissed him. "I love you."

"And I love you."

Walking down the boulevards, prey to conflicting sensations, he felt not the slightest bitterness against his mother. The fact that she had suffered and, suffering, had shielded his father by refusing to divulge his name, increased his love.

Nor was he bitter against his father. He could not believe that, if the man had been a cad, his mother could really have loved him.

Suddenly he recalled that Prince de Bretigny, at least by inference, had told him he knew his father. This seemed to contradict the Duchess' statement that nobody had been in the secret except herself, her late husband, and his grandfather, Count Pozzo-Paoli.

HE made up his mind. He went to the Cosmopolite; found the Prince at a small table, playing solitaire; spoke without preamble:

"Tell me, please, who was my father?"

The Prince put the king of diamonds on the ace of spades. He neither looked up nor replied.

"I am sorry that I must insist," Raoul went on, with the faintest edge of temper, "but it is necessary that I know."

The other smiled ironically.

"Why should I tell you—since, evidently, you don't know it yourself?"

Raoul drew back a step.

"I don't care to be cross-examined. Look here"—more conciliatory—"we've been rather good friends and——"

"Never mind all that!" Raoul interrupted. "You must tell me!"

He had spoken loud enough for the other club members to hear. A flurry of suppressed excitement—of tension—swept through the room.

The Prince put the queen of clubs on the king of diamonds. He yawned.

At this moment, all at once, it occurred to Raoul that here, logically led up to, was the making of the audacious deed of which he had boasted: a quarrel with de Bretigny, a duel with the most notorious killer in France—a high deed, romantic, quixotic, magnificent.

"I do not believe," he whispered, "that you ever knew my father."

And he added, in ringing accents that carried the length of the room: "I have an idea that you lie, *Monsieur le Prince.*"

Again the latter yawned. The jack of hearts followed the queen of clubs.

The other players stopped their games. There was complete silence, grim, ominous. They were startled; would have been more startled could they have heard what the Prince was saying to himself over and over: "I cannot do it!"—could they have listened to the prayer deep in his soul:

"Let my punishment be bitter, O Lord God, but not this—not this!"

Raoul was standing quite close to him.

Even at this moment, curiously, he was conscious of sympathy for the other, straight through his antipathy.

He brushed both aside.

Then, with sudden resolve, he flipped a glove across the Prince's face.

De Bretigny rose. Very old he seemed, more than ever like a weary bloodhound.

"My seconds will call on you this afternoon," he said. "Shall we meet tomorrow quite early? I always like an early hour for my little affairs of honor. Otherwise I waste half the day."

He left.

The next moment Raoul was the center of shouting, gesticulating men. They pitied him. They congratulated him. They called him fool. They called him hero. Two hours later the *Gaulois* announced with Gallic cynicism and almost American headlines:

YOUNG CORSICAN HAS DECIDED TO COMMIT SUICIDE. TOMORROW MORNING RAOUL DE GIRARDIN FIGHTS DUEL WITH DE BRETIGNY.

Another half hour and the news was transmitted to Corsica. It reached the little town near which Madame de Girardin lived.

When she heard it she did not faint. She took pencil and paper, wrote a short line, and summoned her maid.

"Have this message taken to town and wired to Paris at once, Marie."

"Yes, madame."

ONLY then, when the maid had gone on her errand, did Madame de Girardin faint; and just about the same time, his seconds having arranged matters with the Prince's seconds, Raoul and Isabelle were strolling in the Luxembourg Gardens.

"Must I be afraid, Raoul?" she asked.

"No."

"But they say—the Prince——"

"Is the finest swordsman in France. I know. But I shall win. Am I not fighting for your sake?"

She gave a tremulous little laugh.

"You are romantic, dear."

"Perhaps the days of romance were the days of beauty and truth. I love you."

"And I love you."

They kissed. And the people who crowded the Luxembourg Gardens on this fine golden spring afternoon hardly noticed.

A pretty girl—a good-looking young man. Why shouldn't they kiss?

When Raoul reached his apartment he found a telegram. On the thin blue envelope he saw the name of the place from which it came; the little Corsican town near his home.

From his mother. Of course, she had heard the news. She would implore him not to fight. Yes. He knew. But to read it—actually to read it? No, no. It might make him nervous, and tomorrow he would have to have all his wits about him.

He slipped the envelope, unopened, into his pocket. He went to bed, slept quietly. And early the next morning he faced Prince de Bretigny on a secluded, turf-grown spot in the forest of Fontainebleau.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Raoul and Isabelle were strolling in the Luxembourg Gardens. "Must I be afraid?" she asked. "No."

[WORTHY FOEMEN
Continued from Page Eleven]

The duel—the talk of Paris for many a week—is the talk of the Club Cosmopolite to this day.

"Messieurs, are you ready?"

"Yes."

"On guard!"

The swords engaged. *Carte! Tierce! Carte!* They sparkled from point to pommel like diamond pins.

Parry of *quarte!* Parry of *septime!* Counter-parry!

The blades shimmered. Lunge! Thrust! Quick, staccato *riposte!*—until the ringing of the forged steel quickened to a rattle. The hilts rang savagely. Feet slid, slithered, advanced, receded, tapped the ground with dry, hollow sounds.

On guard!

Again *carte* and *tierce* and lightning-like feint!

The seconds watched closely.

"Look!" whispered one. "Why — the Prince is giving way!"

"A trick. I've seen him do it before! Here's where the Corsican prays to the Virgin!"

"No, no—look—ah!" And he rushed forward, as did the other seconds and the doctor.

For suddenly de Bretigny's arm had jerked up. His rapier flew from his hand, described a glittering curve, dived point foremost into the turf. At the same moment his opponent's sword shot out between his shoulder blades.

He dropped, unconscious, his white silk shirt stained a rich crimson.

"*Mordieu!*" exclaimed one of Raoul's seconds. "The impossible has happened: De Bretigny defeated." He shook Raoul's hand fervently. "You will be the most famous man of the hour. You——"

"Hush!" interrupted the doctor.

He knelt by the wounded man's side; examined him with skilled, tender fingers.

"The sword just missed his lung," he said finally. "A narrow escape; but he will be a sick man for several weeks."

LATER in the morning Emmerich von Palfy, a Hungarian nobleman, sat by the Prince's bedside. Being the latter's oldest and most intimate friend—as much as the Prince permitted and encouraged intimacy—he expressed his opinion of the duel.

"I am ashamed of you," he said. "You — defeated! You — the best swordsman in France!"

"I was defeated just because I *am* the best swordsman in France."

"Pardon?"

"As long as the sword was in my hand—ah, you know how it is—the lust of battle, the desire to— Yes! I might have injured him—the little Corsican is really not very clever with the rapier—yes, I might even have killed him. So I jerked up my sword."

"And let him defeat you on purpose?"

"Yes. He had no other chance."

"But he insulted you—gravely."

"I know. That's why I had to fight the duel—regardless of——"

"Of what?"

"Emmerich," said the Prince, after a short pause, "let me tell you a tale."

"About yourself?"

"No. About another man—I knew once."

It was the tale of a young French officer, years ago, on leave in Moscow. Drunk. A burlesque actress, equally drunk. A riotous marriage before a poor Russian priest, eager to earn fifty rubles. Both sober the next morning. "What have we done?" Remorse.

"Go back to Paris," said the girl. "Nothing to such a marriage. Anyway, I'll have it annulled. Don't worry."

Nor did he worry. Gay, young, irresponsible, he almost forgot the episode.

A few years later, in Corsica, he met a young girl. Love at first sight—mad, romantic. They could not wait. Runaway marriage while her father was away. For the latter was a firebrand of a Corsican nationalist who hated all Frenchmen. They would tell him later on, at the proper moment. So they drove into the country, gave wrong names to the magistrate who made them man and wife—Corsican local laws were lax—and returned, she to her home, he to his hotel in the little near-by town.

A few days later he received a telegram from Marfa, the Russian actress:

> Sorry to bother you. Broke. Send a few thousand. Am your wife, after all.

There was a rapid exchange of wires. He found out what had happened: In her dilatory Slav way—he did not believe it had been intentional—Marfa had again and again put off having the marriage annulled. She was still his wife.

And the Corsican girl, Louise—what about her? The thing left him frightened, aghast. He did not know what to do; was afraid to confess to Louise. Several weeks passed. Then, by chance, Louise found Marfa's first telegram.

And then——

"Just as in a play, eh?" said the Prince.

The Prince walked away with Isabelle to the yellow salon.

"Only there was no happy ending. He tried to explain to her. Perhaps he had waited too long. She would not believe him. He wrote to her from Paris. His letters came back unopened. Shortly afterward, Marfa died. Once more he was a free man. He returned to Corsica. The girl would not even see him. Gradually, with the years, he became resigned. What was he to do? Tell me, Emmerich"—with a tense appeal—"what was he to do?"

"Why," replied the Hungarian in a flat, drab voice, "there was nothing for him to do—nothing at all. That's just the wretchedness of such things—that one can do nothing—nothing." He stopped; went on: "And there was, I suppose, a son?"

"Yes! A son who is—oh—not so good a swordsman as his father."

"I am not a very good Catholic," said Emmerich von Palfy; "but, with your permission, I shall now go to the Church of Saint Sulpice and pray for the soul of the man whose tale you told."

"I wish you would!" said the other.

And Emmerich von Palfy left, just as the servant announced Raoul de Girardin.

Raoul walked straight up to the Prince's bed. He took a telegram from his pocket.

"It came last night. I opened it only ten minutes ago. It is from my mother."

De Bretigny took the telegram. He read:

> You must not fight this duel. He is your father.

He looked up. "I am," he said.

A long silence ensued. Speech had lost its adequacy. They stared at each other. Raoul examined his father's face with a terrible, challenging candor in his eyes. The Prince did not quail. His own gaze was hard, direct.

"This man," Raoul said to himself, "is not a cad—not a scoundrel—no, no!"

Then he spoke; and since he was afraid of the storm of emotions in his soul, he spoke with curious nonchalance:

"You might explain."

"I suppose so," replied the Prince.

THE tale, as he unfolded it, was stripped to its essentials. Long ago the tragedy of it had died, where he was concerned. It was as though it had happened to somebody else.

It was only when he came to the end that his voice quivered:

"Your mother would not believe me—would not believe me! Ah—it is strange how hard a good woman can be at times. And yet it was the truth. Before God I swear it! *You* believe me, Raoul?"

"Yes," came the slow answer, "I believe you, father."

A ray of light dawned on the wounded man's drawn, weary features. His lean hands gripped Raoul's.

"You will write to your mother?" he asked.

"Today. At once." Raoul left.

As he crossed the outer hall he heard his father cry, with queer, cracked, high-pitched sobs, as men cry—men who are very unhappy or very happy.

So it was that, though Paris was deeply stirred by the duel between Raoul de Girardin and Prince Clovis de Bretigny, it was stirred yet more deeply when, six weeks later, in the Church of Saint Sulpice, the former married Isabelle de Montaiglon, while his mother became the wife of his recent antagonist.

And it was on their honeymoon that Raoul said to his bride:

"If you would like to change your name——"

"Divorce?" she laughed. "So soon?"

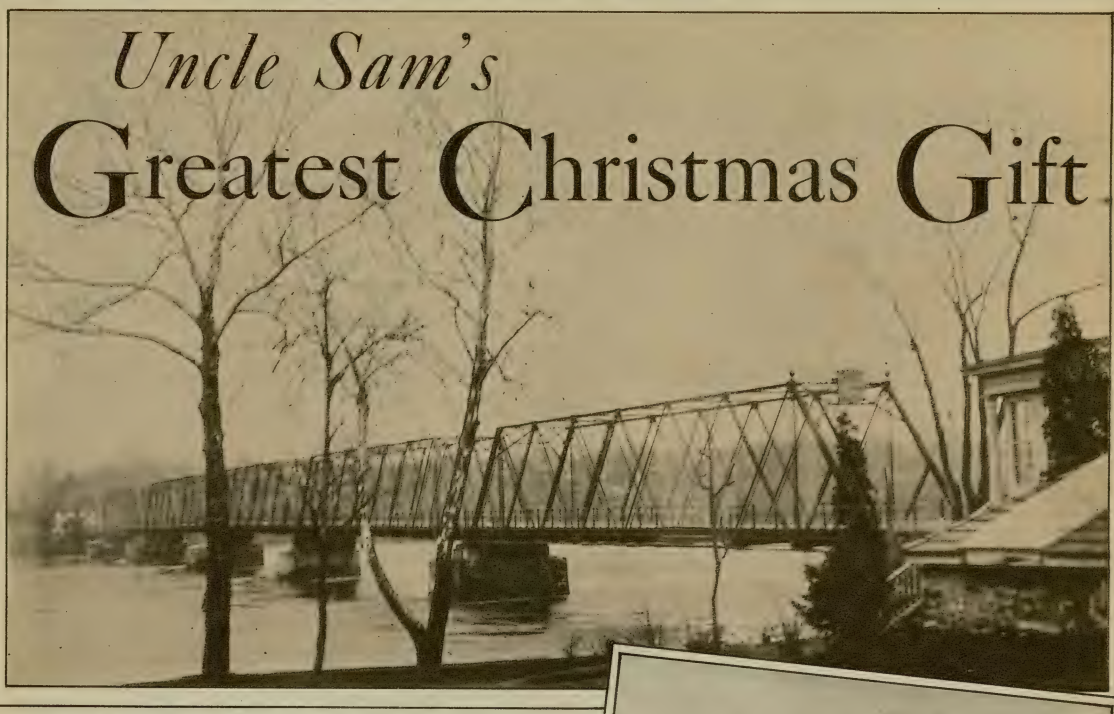
"Hardly. But father and mother are willing, in fact eager, to have the whole story come out—so that I may be legitimized—become known as de Bretigny and inherit the title some day——"

"I prefer being Madame de Girardin," interrupted Isabelle. "Rather the wife of the romantic young man who defeated Prince de Bretigny than a mere Princess de Bretigny. Besides, I have neither my mother's voice nor her manners to carry off such princely honors."

And she kissed him.

THE END

Uncle Sam's Greatest Christmas Gift



Bridge marking spot where Washington crossed the Delaware. Its Revolutionary name of McConkey's Crossing was changed to Washington's Crossing.

How the Father of His Country Stole Out in the Dead of Night to Put Victory in the Revolutionary Stocking

An Article by

HUGH FULLERTON

LIBERTY photos

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The Battle of Trenton, which restored sunken hopes of the Revolution, began 150 years ago Christmas Day. The detailed story of that historic engagement has been prepared by Mr. Fullerton from a personal tour of the battlefield and study of old data bearing on the event.]

ONE hundred and fifty years ago this Christmas the Colonists, in revolt against Great Britain, reached the lowest ebb of their fortunes.

Washington, beaten on Long Island, driven off Manhattan, with Fort Washington surrendered and Fort Lee lost, was retreating slowly across New Jersey. With his army crumbling, and fewer than 2,400 men left, he reached the Delaware.

In New York and New Jersey more than 25,000 trained and well equipped soldiers moved to crush liberty. Cornwallis and Howe in New York, with other generals, had prepared to sail for England to report the Revolution ended. In Philadelphia the Continental Congress was preparing to flee.

In Washington's army, Gates and his friends were in revolt against the Commander in Chief, and Gates, backed by New England and New York malcontents, was fighting Washington's tactics and planning to run to Philadelphia to tell Congress Washington was a failure and he (Gates) alone could save the nation.

THIS picture of Washington crossing the Delaware was painted by George Harding, and is supposed to be authentic in every detail. Mr. Harding spent several weeks tramping over the ground and consulting libraries and museums. The guns and uniforms were painted from relics. But may we be permitted to express a doubt that General Washington stood erect in the boat with his coat unbuttoned on such a cold night?

By courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE best known version of Washington's feat as painted by E. Leutze.

On top of these disasters came news that General Charles Lee had been captured at Basking Ridge, and that Sullivan was leading the remnants of Lee's troops in retreat, crossing into Pennsylvania at Easton.

Through the Jerseys the Hessians were burning, looting, and ravishing. Thousands of Jerseymen sought refuge by joining the British. Cornwallis' troops, with the Hessians leading, already occupied Trenton, Bordentown (then Burdentown), and all the New Jersey bank of the Delaware River. Cornwallis had piled great stores of munitions at New Brunswick and other points. His troops, moving down

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[UNCLE SAM'S GREATEST CHRISTMAS GIFT]
Continued from Page Thirteen

what now is the Lincoln Highway, occupied Kingstown, Princeton, and spread along the river. Only the ragged remnant of Washington's defeated army remained between them and Philadelphia—that and the Delaware River.

Old Ferry Tavern (left), now a museum—and tea room. At the right, Bear Tavern, from which Washington and Sullivan marched after crossing the Delaware.

During his slow, stubborn retreat through New Jersey, Washington had sent Colonel Richard Humpton and Captain John Blunt, of Portsmouth, ahead of the army. With them he sent Jake Gearhardt, Daniel Bray, Uriah Slack, Thomas Jones, and twoscore Marblehead fishermen, with orders to take every boat in the river and move them to the Pennsylvania shore. They combed the banks of the Delaware for seventy miles, until not a boat remained except those hidden in the mouth of Knowles Creek above Trenton and behind the heavy bushes on Malta Island.

The fate of the United States depended upon the weather.

On the night of December 20 the weather turned bitter cold. The river, as far as the falls above Trenton, froze solid. On that Sunday the British prepared to cross on the ice and march to Philadelphia, but decided to wait until the ice was solid enough to permit the transport of cannon.

All day Sunday Washington anxiously watched the weather. On Monday the weather turned suddenly warm. A heavy thaw set in. The already swollen river broke up the ice. Tuesday was still warmer, with a warm rain that made the roads a sea of mud.

Wednesday was Christmas Day—the bluest, most hopeless Christmas in America's history. In Trenton three Hessian regiments, fifty Yagers, and a troop of British Light Horse, all under command of Colonel John Gottlieb Rahl, were celebrating.

THE Hessians were making themselves at home, taking whatever they wanted. One regiment was in the old barracks that still stand half a block from State Street; others occupied the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Episcopalian churches, the jail, halls, and private houses. The British Light Horse were in the old Quaker meeting-house that still stands on Hanover Street. Tourists going through on the Lincoln Highway pass close to all these.

There was merriment in Trenton. Rahl, twice warned to beware and to fortify the town, laughed. His troops and the British scorned Washington's ragged army and boasted they could beat it with a corporal's guard. On Christmas Day the Hessians and Royalists held a party in honor of Rahl in the house of Abraham Hunt, where the Trenton Bank now stands.

On one side of the river, gayety, plenty, and celebration; on the other, a ragged, miserable group, led by a man whose strong face was calm but anxious.

That day, before daylight, a man left Trenton, trudging over roads ankle deep in half-frozen mud and slush. He crossed the Delaware and met Washington, reported on conditions among the British, returned to Trenton that afternoon, and left again in the evening.

The man was John Honeyman. Shortly after his visit, Washington issued orders to his army. Colonel John Cadwalader, who was at Bristol, was ordered to cross the river Christmas night and attack the Hessians under Von Dunop at Mount Holly, Black Horse, and Burdentown. Ewing and Dickinson, whose troops held the Trenton Ferry directly across from Trenton and near where the present Pennsylvania Railroad bridge stands, were to cross at that point. Washington, with the largest force, was to cross the Delaware at McConkey's Ferry, nine miles up the river, and descend upon the city from the north and northwest.

That Christmas Day a group of serious, determined American officers gathered at Samuel Merrick's house on Jericho Hill, near the road from Neily's mill to Newtown. There was Lord Stirling of New York, whose name was William Alexander, dandified, gallant, the best dressed man in the army; John Sullivan, who had been captured on Long Island and exchanged; de Fermoy, the dashing foreign adventurer; Colonel Stark, grim and silent; Knox, of the artillery; Glover, and Greene.

Monument on spot where Washington stood during battle of Trenton.

Little was said. The plan had been made. These men approved. The troops were lined up on the parade and instructed. Word was sent to Gates, Ewing, and Cadwalader, ordering them to cross the river and reach the Jersey shore at midnight. The officers were given minute instructions and the half dozen men upon whose shoulders the country's hope of liberty rested drank a solemn toast.

The river was high, swollen by the thaw and rains. The roads were deep in half-frozen mud. The American troops were thinly clad. Few had overcoats; some were without shoes, and their feet were bound with rags from their worn uniforms. Blood stained the mud when they marched. Not one in ten of the riflemen had a bayonet.

A high, cold wind swept up the river, backing the tidewater up to the falls at Trenton, where it met the downrushing flood from the upper waters. The river was filled with floating ice and, below the town, the current and the tide piled the ice in bergs on the Jersey shore.

At 6 o'clock at night Washington was informed that Cadwalader, striving to cross the river from above Bristol, had found the river impossible; Ewing, reconnoitering, reported the river in front of Trenton impassable.

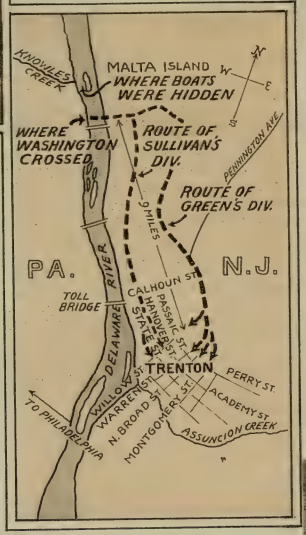
"Where is Gates?" Washington demanded.

HE was informed that Gates had taken his chief aid and ridden away to Philadelphia to inform Congress that Washington was planning a wild and suicidal move and that only he (Gates) could save the cause.

Washington swore. Then he sent word to Ewing and Cadwalader, saying:

"In spite of the discouraging reports, I am determined to cross and attack the British. If you can do nothing else, create as much diversion as possible."

The boats hidden in the mouth of Knowles Creek were brought down the river, manned by the Marblehead fishermen commanded by Captain Hunt. Artists who have painted the scene made two blunders: The flag they painted in Washington's boat is not at all like the flag borne by the Americans. The boats show even a greater error. Those actually used were specially constructed rafts for the cannon and horses; but the painters drew ordinary rowboats. The boats were of a unique type, known as Durham boats. They were ore boats built to haul the ore from Oxford Furnace to the mills at Durham and other places down the river. These boats were shaped like broad canoes and were more than forty feet long, painted black, ideal for hauling troops and supplies over the river.



Map showing where Washington crossed the river, the route of Greene's and Sullivan's marches on Trenton, and how the forces struck the Hessians within three minutes of each other.

The wind had risen to a gale, and at 11 o'clock, while the Marblehead fishermen were battling the ice, snow began to fall heavily, turning into a blinding blizzard. Washington had reached the Jersey shore and was fretting to advance. He had expected the crossing to be accomplished by midnight; but, despite the desperate work of the Marblehead men, the eighteen cannon were not landed on the ice-piled shore until three in the morning. Meantime the ill-clad troops shivered and crouched in the mud, waiting.

"The Hermitage," General Philemon Dickinson's house, where Hessian outposts were captured.

During this delay Rahl was giving a party at Abraham Hunt's house. The British were entertaining and drinking in a house on Hanover Street. Drinks were served freely in the barracks. Plodding through the muddy wilderness, John Honeyman was making another trip.

ABOUT 11 o'clock at night an alarm was raised in Trenton, probably by Honeyman. A scouting band of Americans clashed with a Hessian outpost on the Pennington Road and von Knyphausen's regiment was ordered out from its barracks at Queen and Second streets (now Warren and State streets). No Americans were found, and the Hessians reported a false alarm.

The diversion that Ewing, Gates, and Cadwalader failed to supply was supplied by fate.

It was soon after that alarm that Honeyman left the city. He reached Washington near the McConkey Crossing, reported the Hessians drinking and celebrating, and urged the utmost haste.

The army marched up the steep hill to the old Bear Tavern. Some historians claim that Sullivan's division marched down the present river road; but this is disputed, since that road was not then passable. The evidence shows that at Bear Tavern, where Washington waited impatiently for the arrival of the artillery, a council was held. The orders were brief:

Sullivan was to follow the road through what is now Trenton Junction and surprise the Hessians at The Hermitage, the home of General Philemon Dickinson (which still stands, although removed to another site); and Washington, with Knox and the artillery, was to march to the Scotch Road (then the Pennington Road) with Greene's division, and enter Trenton on what is now Pennington Avenue. There the Hessian outpost was to be surprised where the United Rubber Company plant now is, and then the column was to proceed rapidly to where Pennington Avenue, King and Queen streets met (now Warren and North Broad—where motorists enter Trenton from the north on the Lincoln Highway).

Every officer was to wear a piece of paper on his hat, and any man dropping out of the ranks was to be shot. The marches were to be timed so the troops would strike the outposts at the same moment. Washington, wet through, riding a big chestnut sorrel horse, rode with Knox.

The story of that night march over the streets. Colonel Rahl, reeling in his saddle as if not recovered from the night's drinking, rode forward up Broad Street, shouting, "Charge! Charge!" and at Hanover Street fell, mortally wounded, to be carried into the First Methodist Church (now Smith Brothers' store). The British Light Horse, half awake, joined the melee.

Meantime, Sullivan's men, swarming across Petty Creek (now disappeared), came rushing up Hanover and West State streets. The Hessians' half-formed lines broke, reformed, and broke again. Many surrendered in their barracks. Knyphausen's regiment fell back along Hanover and State streets, hard pressed from three sides, and strove to form in an orchard that stood where the Trenton post office and the State Theater now stand. Others made an effort to escape across Assunpink (now Assanpink) River, which was high. Knox's artillery had swung into position and was tearing the Hessians with grape.

Washington, from his horse, cried: "They fly—the day is won!"—and rode down into the town.

Hessian troopers threw down their arms and held their hands high, with the cry of "*Kamerad!*" Their officers yielded. Two young Englishmen, sons of nobles, rushed helplessly against the Americans to die.

Less than an hour after the Americans struck the outposts, and thirty-five minutes after the general engagement started, the British were overwhelmed. Nearly a thousand surrendered, with the loot of New York and New Jersey in their possession. Nearly a hundred were dead or dying, including most of their officers. The city and its stores were in the hands of the Americans. The Americans lost only five men—two killed, two frozen to death crossing the river, and one dying of wounds.

The big Pennsylvanian, with a pair of Hessian boots, was parading his post on Broad Street. The Americans warmed themselves in Hessian barracks, ate the remnants of the Christmas feast, and Washington, despite the conduct of the Hessians and British, gave orders that all property, both American and Royalist, should be respected.

Site where British surrendered, by Public Library (left), and (right) Trenton Banking Company, on site of Abraham Hunt house, where Rahl celebrated Christmas night.

The Trenton barracks where Hessians were quartered, still standing.

freezing mud that was ankle deep, and through dense wilderness growths, is an epic. The gale blew heavy snow in the faces of the soldiers. The mud was stained red from their bleeding feet. There was one unsung hero during that march: a giant Pennsylvanian, barefooted almost, who kept saying:

"Don't mind it, boys; we'll be wearing Hessian boots this morning."

Nine miles over half-frozen roads in a blizzard, at times dragging at the cannon; and then, just as day was breaking, Sullivan's troops swarmed around the outpost on the river bank, and, almost before the echoes died, Washington's men swept over the outpost on the Pennington Road. So well were Washington's orders obeyed that the two attacks were made within three minutes.

IN a moment Greene's and Washington's men swept onward, seized the crossroads, and shut off the Hessian line of retreat via the Princeton or Brunswick roads. Washington's troops descended rapidly upon the city from Pennington Avenue, down the streets now called Warren, Broad, Montgomery, and Willow.

It was broad daylight then, and Washington, taking his place on his horse, stood first where the monument now stands, and then, as the troops rushed forward, he rode to higher ground a bit to the north.

The alarm spread among the Hessians and British. Officers, not yet wide awake, beat their men with sabers and drove them into the

Lord Stirling, the immaculate, presented the Hessian and British officers to Washington, who invited them to dine. The lieutenant colonels and majors dined with Washington, and the other officers with guests of Stirling, who had been treated kindly by the Hessians after his capture on Long Island.

During the dinner a tall, gaunt man, a Lutheran minister, forced his way into the room and began to berate the Hessians in German, denouncing them for coming to America to fight against liberty. When Stirling discovered what was being said, he had the minister ejected from the room and apologized to his guests.

After the dinner, Washington, learning that Colonel Rahl had been mortally wounded, went to the Stacy Potts House, where now the Roman Catholic Cathedral stands, and called on Rahl, expressing his grief at the fall of a gallant foeman.

The Prince of Hesse was stunned by the defeat. He wrote that an entire season had been ruined by the conduct of his troops at Trenton. He ordered a court-martial, and, when the British finally capitulated at Yorktown, the German prince was still trying to find out how three Hessian regiments could have been captured by the "American rabble."

THE Americans paused only to rest and eat.

Sixty-five of the Hessians, it was estimated, had escaped toward Bordentown and a few toward Princeton. Washington knew that Cornwallis, with two great armies, was moving down from Brunswick. Over the weary miles to McConkey's Crossing his victorious army trudged, with all its prisoners. By nightfall the army was back across the Delaware, the boats hidden, and messengers dispatched to Philadelphia announcing the victory.

The arrival of the messengers in Philadelphia stunned Congress and balked Gates. Washington's "wild, suicidal move" had saved the Colonies and checked Howe.

From a psychological standpoint, Trenton was the turning point of the war. The news of the victory spread over New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The militia, which had hidden arms and abandoned hope, reassembled. Fourteen hundred Continentals whose enlistments had expired volunteered to remain ninety days longer in the service. Additional troops were rushed from Philadelphia.

Robert Morris that day went from house to house and collected $50,000, so that each soldier received ten dollars in "hard money," the first they had seen in months. Philadelphia rushed shoes, stockings, and breeches to Cadwalader's men, many of whom were almost naked.

As a defeat of the British, the fight at Trenton meant little save a temporary setback. It delayed Howe and Cornwallis in their trip home, and Howe, in irritation, rushed two great armies into the Jerseys to sweep the rebels off the earth.

The effect in the Colonies was electrical. From New England to Georgia, hope revived. Dissension and criticism of Washington subsided.

But Washington knew Trenton was a mere respite. After two days of rest, he reoccupied Trenton; and a week later, when Cornwallis' horde of 25,000 trained troops was swarming across New Jersey to avenge Trenton, Washington faced them with his small army from behind earthworks on the south bank of the millpond and the Assunpink River.

Old Friends' Meeting-House in Trenton, built in 1739, which was occupied by British Light Dragoons.

Cornwallis' advance force reached Trenton at dusk.

During the night Washington left a small force to keep up the great camp fires and, screened by fire and smoke, withdrew his entire army, made a desperate forced march around the British, and struck them at daybreak at Princeton, scattering their forces, and threatening their vast stores at New Brunswick, so that Cornwallis retreated with desperate haste.

The day after the brilliant trick that won Princeton and saved Philadelphia, there was a great celebration in the Quaker City; there was a parade up Market Street—and leading the parade was the Hessian band that had been captured at Princeton.

THE END

The Fear of God

WE fell to it with a will, and shortly got it packed.

MARY MOTHER! A madcap girl, still in my teens, I saw a sight to make a strong man weep! I had been on a boar hunt with my father and had contrived to get lost in the forest. My horse picked his way to its edge. I discovered smoke rising from some distant village, trotted toward it, and entered. I saw cooking vessels hurled from casements. I saw a mattress in flames pushed through a window, dead peasants prone on the pavement, and a dead child huddled before a shrine!

You must know that the place was France, the time the reign of Louis XIV, and that the "Sun King," egged on by Maintenon, the woman the world called his mistress, was persecuting the Huguenots with his Red Dragoons.

I recognized the village, now. I was no longer lost, but heartsick. I wheeled my horse about, and, an insolent officer challenging me, let him see what I thought of this devil's work. But when I had ridden back to Maniscamp, where our Aulone regiment was in cantonment, I confessed this rashness to my lighthearted father. He looked grave, for my sainted mother had been a Huguenot and we were none too safe.

Doubly did we know it when, on my twentieth birthday, our charming cousin, the Baroness d'Elven, made us a visit. She was required to leave France for the English court, in the train of that quarrelsome, wenching youth, Vicomte Louis de Frontenac. But, first, she wished to warn us. We were to be summoned to Versailles, for we were suspected of Huguenot leanings.

The Story of a Man Who Defied His King for a Woman's Honor

A Serial by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of The Maid-at-Arms, The Fighting Chance, The Firing Line, The Girl Philippa, The Restless Sex, Slayer of Souls, etc.

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

Decorations by W. FLETCHER-WHITE

She had, she told my father, ordered a duplicate key made to fit a certain secret door in the palace. This would be given him by a guard dressed in blue, if he were ever summoned to the cabinet of the Marquise de Maintenon. She begged him to remember that he was going into dangers more perilous than war!

PART THREE

HOLY saints! Has any mortal ever dreamed of such earthly loveliness as the Versailles gardens possess—what with the flashing fountains and silver lakes, the sun-flecked groves and greenswards, the naked marble gods amid the shadows, the endless thickets of flowers?

All the nobility and beauty of the Court were there in a thousand rainbow tints to frame the King, where in brocaded radiance he walked—a golden flame surrounded by a thousand brilliant moths.

It seemed as though I walked through blessed throngs in Paradise. Many spoke to me and named themselves; others presented others.

Twice the King noticed me and took his hat all the way off.

The second time, he said to me: "Your cousin of Elven is charming, but I was not before aware that charm and beauty characterized your race."

"Sire," said I, "where the sun falls blossoms open."

"All are not charming, mademoiselle."

"The sun withers the weeds, sire."

"Sometimes it ripens them and they go to seed," he said; "and the seed spreads and crowds out flowers." He smiled at me. "And then what is to be done, mademoiselle?"

I knew what he meant, but I made no reply, and he answered his own question.

"Fire," he said very quietly; "and, when the weeds are burned, a new plowing."

Then he smiled, took my hand, led me to the water's edge, and showed me the gilded gondolas.

Never was so delicate a warning given; never, I think, did any human being ever stand so closely to the precipice and gaze upon destruction which the slightest misstep must surely bring.

With charming grace the King consigned me to Lauzun; and, before I realized it, I was curtsying to the Marquise de Maintenon, beside her chair.

I have spoken of her as old Maintenon. On this afternoon, when I first laid eyes on her, she was fifty-three, and looked thirty.

Here was the whitest and pinkest natural complexion that ever I have seen. No flaw; no wrinkle. She was beautiful—her features finely formed and very delicate; her voice so low and gentle that it seemed almost timid; and in her eyes the vague, lost sweetness of a nun.

At her gentle, hesitating command I walked beside her chair as it advanced slowly, abreast of the King. She addressed a few questions to me concerning my impressions of Versailles.

That was all. Curtsying, and stepping aside and back, I discovered Monsieur Gribouri in attendance, hat in hand, his little, black, eager eyes fixed on me.

Like other gentlemen, he wore the slightest trace of a mustache. His periwig presented a mass of black curls. His skin seemed so dark that it looked bronzed by the weather. He was, in a manner, extremely handsome, save for his lips, which were too red and thick.

He made me a thousand compliments upon my appearance, my wit, my certain popularity at Versailles, which must follow not only from my own merits, but from the notice taken of me by the King and by the Marquise de Maintenon.

For all these extravagant civilities I thanked him. A throng of young men approached us—Holy Mary, they were beautiful!—and I was heavenly happy, as is any girl who finds herself so courted and besieged. And always—no matter how assiduous my cavaliers or how pressing the brilliant company surrounding me—always at my side I discovered Monsieur Gribouri, hat in hand, and his ardent eyes seeking mine.

When at last I rejoined my father and drove back to our pavilion, I had experienced a thousand new sensations of delight. All the way back I scarcely spoke, striving to recollect young men's names and the promises I had made to each.

IN my little apartment I lay blissfully on my *chaise longue*, submitting to the ministrations of Nicole, and murmuring of glories transcendent and of kings and flowers and fountains and young men.

There was in our pavilion no bath like ours at Aulone. Nicole fetched a large basin, and in it I stood and permitted her to bathe me.

While she was doing my hair I fell asleep, made drowsy from sheer sustained excitement.

When I awoke I discovered that my room was full of beautiful bouquets from which ribbons of every hue fell. My admirers were becoming gallant.

I got out of bed, put on slippers and a silk chamber robe, and went out and across the corridor, and scratched at my father's door. (We never knock at doors in Versailles: we scratch very softly on the wood with our finger tips.)

I heard my father laughing as Alzac, his *valet de chambre*, admitted me. He had dressed my father's hair and now was shaving him, so I seated myself until that office was accomplished and we could be alone.

When Alzac finally had retired and closed the door, I told my father what the King had said to me about weeds and seeds and fire and plow; and how I had been passed about between the King, Madame de Maintenon, and Monsieur Gribouri.

My father listened attentively. He seemed deeply interested, but not disturbed.

"This Gribouri," he said, "seems to be the King's shadow. I think he is a spy. I think Chamilly is another. As far as that goes, the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE King rose, white with fury — blinded by it!—for his hand fell upon a jeweled dog whip that lay among his papers.

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Seventeen]

essence of all courts is intrigue, and everybody spies upon everybody else. But Gribouri and Chamilly, I believe, are bought, soul and body, by those they serve—the King and Madame de Maintenon.

"What do they want as reward? Well, Chamilly desires money and a marshal's baton. He'd sell his soul for these."

"And Gribouri?" I asked.

My father smiled. "You seem to think I know all the gossip. Well, Monsieur Gribouri very passionately desires to be sent as Intendant to Quebec, a royal spy who keeps the King informed concerning the Governor's conduct."

"It seems to be an ignoble office," I said.

"But carries vast possibilities for acquiring great wealth, Michelle."

"How?"

"In the fur trade."

"But—is such wealth to be acquired honestly?"

My father laughed. "No; corruptly. Well, I have told you what is the dearest wish of Monseur Gribouri. And I have no doubt he is doing his very best in the King's employment to earn the office of Intendant at Quebec."

After a silence: "Do you suppose Monsieur Gribouri is spying upon us?" I asked.

"Probably."

"To what purpose?"

My father shrugged; but he knew now, as well as I, that we were suspected of a tendency toward the reformed faith.

I reminded him of what Gribouri had said regarding the possible destination of the Regiment d'Aulone.

"There is a bridge," said my father, "which I shall know how to cross if ever I come to it."

In his calm voice sounded a metallic undernote that rang faintly, like a distant unsheathing of swords.

WHEN Nicole and Nanon had arrayed me in my best and newest—alas, not so new!—and when upon my fingers, arms, and neck blazed every jewel my mother and my grandmother ever had possessed, I descended the staircase and went out into our little garden, where, through the grille, I saw our *carrosse* just driving up.

How can I describe the concert at the Ambassador's Staircase! That flight of marble steps which are lovely enough to lead to heaven! The great curved balustrades, where the beauty, wealth, and nobility of France were gathering, one vast moving garden of blossoms, swaying among ranks of solid silver benches and chairs!

And then the King entered. Mary Mother! He was in cloth of gold and blazing with diamonds from head to foot!

And what music! Instantly I seemed to be drifting above the floor and up toward Paradise.

I have no clear memory of all that followed—only that I played lansquenet at one of many little tables, and that the King sauntered leisurely about to watch the play and would not let us rise out of respect.

There was much gayety, but no loud laughter.

I won; I lost; I lost more; I was not recouping.

Monsieur Gribouri was ever at my elbow; not importunate in zeal, not in any way annoying, but—well, always he was there.

Many gathered to see Lauzun's coldly reckless play. Always vast sums changed hands at any table where he sat; but he had made a fortune at play, they said.

When I had no more gold pieces remaining, I went away by myself where there were iced wines and other refreshments, and where I saw they were dancing.

I was not surprised that it should be Gribouri who served me and seated me.

I sat, with my wineglass in my hand, listening to the charming music and watching the dancers. After a while I raised my eyes to Monsieur Gribouri. His lips were too red and too thick, for all that he was handsome. I felt the heat of a slight flush on my cheeks, a faint sort of shame that I should find him handsome in spite of his mouth.

"There is a bridge," said my father, "which I shall know how to cross if ever I come to it."

We conversed. Afterward we danced.

I had no lack of gallants; always they arrived with ceremony and compliments, lingered, only to find themselves replaced by new arrivals. But always Gribouri remained.

I think, from the very first, I was faintly conscious of the magnetism of this young man. And also, very faintly, realized that I should have no feeling at all concerning him. Or for any man whose mere presence seemed to radiate so subtle and vigorous a personality—a living, breathing, bodily personality, with nothing further—so far as I had discovered—to recommend him.

EVEN now, vaguely and deep within me, I was aware of an unease.

Now and then I stole a look at him, because I could not understand how I could waste two thoughts upon a man with such a mouth—as sensual as a faun's.

Suddenly I stood up—to find myself confronting him—level with the dark, eager ardor of his eyes.

Throughout my whole body my blood tingled and seemed to lash me across both cheeks. I walked leisurely across to where I saw my father conversing with Chamilly and other officers.

Turning, I thanked Monsieur Gribouri with every circumstance and ceremony suitable, but no more than was exactly suitable from an Aulone to a young gentleman who called himself Gribouri.

Then I rested my hand within my father's arm, quite willing to retire when he thought fit to take his leave.

As I stood there, listening to the conversation—which sometimes touched upon the sinister activities of Holland, sometimes dwelt upon the increasing embarrassments of King James of England—always out of the tail of my eye I was aware that Gribouri loitered not far away, and that his eyes had never left me. I did not look at him, but at moments I seemed actually to feel his gaze. There was an intensity in it of which I was physically sensible—as when the ray of burning glass falls upon a delicate skin.

That this was a conquest I knew in a confused way—the conquest of a man very different from any man I ever had known before. But there was no gayety in my heart, no lightness, no sense of harmless triumph, but an instinctive shrinking.

While I stood there, there arose in the room a sort of spontaneous stirring and murmur, and some left the card tables and ballroom and others turned and moved toward the windows.

THE Marquis de Chamilly said to me: "The park is illuminated, mademoiselle, and it is worth a glance."

He gave me his tiny hand, which appeared too small to wield a sword, and very gracefully he conducted me as our little group walked through the salon, antechambers, splendid halls where Blue Halberdiers mounted guard.

As I arrived, lurid pillars of crimson fire towered skyward above the trees. The Basin of Latona vomited sheets of green and golden flame. The turbulent fountains tumbled into glowing pools that rocked and flashed in jeweled splendor.

As a rainbow dissolves and fades away, so slowly vanished the blazing pageant—to reveal a fairyland of lake and park and forest, all twinkling with tiny starlike points of light.

And everywhere, through this dimly jeweled enchantment, pale magic shapes glided like nymphs, and along the water's edge spectral swans sailed through raining spray.

As I stole out to the terrace for a nearer view, through the enchantment I became conscious of Gribouri; turned involuntarily to learn if instinct had played me a trick, and met his burning eyes.

I know not if it was of my own impulse or merely my assent that we moved out into the June night where others now thronged terrace and steps.

Presently lights glowed behind us and the silken crowd parted as the chair of Madame Maintenon advanced.

The King sauntered beside it; the Court closed in behind and swarmed after him.

We stood where four woodland paths met at a garlanded pedestal upon which, high above us, a marble Eros had just alighted.

I lifted my eyes to him, still wonder-wide. I gazed around me through the scented dusk. Then in silence I looked at the young man who

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

leaned against the pedestal of this ancient god, as yet unknown to me.

In the stillness he spoke.

"All my life," he said, "I have been poor. Little by little, I am making my way. What I do today to earn my bread, tomorrow I may blush for."

He came nearer to me.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "before ever I knew you, except by name alone, I had only one faith, and that was in my lucky star; only one belief, and that was in myself; only one allegiance, and that was to my King. Today all that is changed."

"I hope, monsieur," said I, "that faith and belief in self have developed into faith in God."

"In *you*."

"Monsieur!"

"Do you wish the truth?"

"Monsieur, I wish nothing——"

"And I, everything!" he said in a voice struggling for control. "Before I saw you, mademoiselle, I did not believe there could exist a human being who could turn me from my ambition or swerve my purpose!"

"I do not desire to swerve you, monsieur."

"Hear me, I beg of you! Position, preferment, wealth, power—these were the gods my ambition worshiped. Yesterday I still worshiped, offering soul and body on these altars——"

He opened his arms in a peculiarly graceful gesture, stood motionless; then his arms fell slowly to his side.

"What am I to do?" he said. "I owe allegiance to my King—and am ready to betray him in this hour, for your sake——"

He was on his knees at my feet, and had my robe's embroidered edge crushed to his lips.

"As God sees me at your feet," he whispered in a voice tremulous with passion, "love hath stricken me like a swift sword, through flesh and bone to the depths where hides my soul——"

I SET both hands against him to push myself free—and instantly he was on his feet and I in his arms, and his mouth met mine.

Against the outrageous sensation of my first embrace I struggled in dazed fury, till my crushed body failed me. Then, of a sudden, came the first flash of passion that ever I had known. For an instant, with flaming cheeks, I suffered his embrace; then wrenched myself from him and stood apart and rigid while a vast and raging confusion swept over me, wave after wave.

I was not frightened. I was dazed and excited and enraged at myself; for I did not loathe this young man; I could not seem to. Hatred blazed; but it was for what we had done—the sin of it.

I took my handkerchief and wiped my lips in fury, watching him all the while.

"What do you want of me?" I whispered fiercely. "Love? Well, then, you never shall have it, either in marriage or outside of it!"

"In the name of pity, listen to me, mademoiselle——"

"What is there left to listen to after such shame?"

"Confession!"

"Do you take me for a priest, monsieur?"

"I am saying to you what I dare not say to any priest—that you stand tonight in danger."

"There is none," said I. "You flatter yourself."

"And I tell you that your destruction is being planned at this hour," he said in a low, tense voice.

"Are you really planning it, Monsieur Gribouri?" I inquired disdainfully.

But he came close to me and stood with brown hands clasping and twisting.

"In God's name, listen," he said. "I am throwing at your feet my hope, my career, my future, my very life, when I tell you that you and Monsieur le Comte, your father, are at this hour in deadly peril!"

"What do you mean?" said I coldly.

"I mean that the Regiment d'Aulone is to march against the Huguenots!"

My whole body stiffened.

"Now do you understand," he said, "what I, who had been devoted to your destruction, have done for you—because I love you? My life is in your hands at this hour."

"It is quite safe, Monsieur Gribouri. Shall I instruct you why? Because an Aulone never betrays anybody—neither for love nor for anything."

"You are very hard, mademoiselle. I fling my life at your feet——"

"Keep it, monsieur——"

"To save you——"

"Save me?"

"And Monsieur le Comte, your father——"

I laughed. "Why, sir, God alone saves souls, which is the only substance in our bodies that matters to my father and to me. Therefore, monsieur, be assured that we shall remain entirely tranquil in our minds whatever happens to our bodies."

He stood twisting his brown, nervous hands and staring at me out of eyes that seemed to agonize.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I beg that you and your father will disclaim the Huguenot Bible and heretic prayer book that have been discovered among your possessions."

My blood froze. When I could control my voice:

"Monsieur," I said, "to whom, then, would you have us ascribe possession of these volumes?"

"To anybody—your maid—some servant—what does it matter?" he said eagerly. "I am pleading with you in Heaven's name to show no stiffness; to submit—no matter what secret faith your family may entertain——"

"Oh—and march our regiment against the Huguenots?"

"You must! And you need not make it a dragonnade, nor——"

"——Nor any Scarronade?"

"My God," he whispered, "that word would lose you utterly!"

"Oh. Well, then, what polite expression may be employed to characterize the activity of the King's mistress——"

"Are you mad!" he said hoarsely. "She has been the King's wedded wife for six years! And never had been his mistress. Never!"

Though, somehow, I seemed to know that he spoke the truth, it confounded and bewildered me.

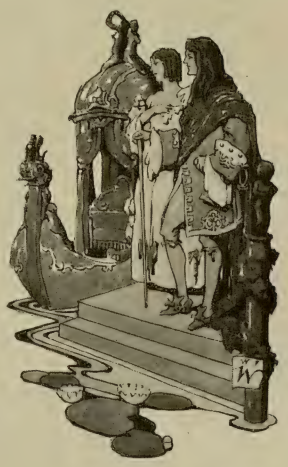
"And I tell you," he added, almost fiercely, "that it is she and Pere Lachaise and Louvois who are determined to rid France of Huguenots, and who have persuaded the King. And it is in *their* service that I am engaged. Now do you comprehend my warning? Now do you understand my sacrifice? The depth of my passion for you? What I am doing to save you in this hour—you, who in another hour may give me to the Captain of the King's Guard? Which must end all for me."

ALREADY, along the water, I could see the flames of candles set in many-branched candlesticks which were lighting the King's return. The murmur of their voices reached us. Monsieur Gribouri looked at me, his black eyes burning.

"Be tranquil, monsieur," said I; "your secret is utterly safe with me."

"But—your answer?"

"It is the Count d'Aulone who answers where his family's honor is concerned," I said coolly.



We were already moving toward the returning throng, and presently mingled with them; and I do not believe anybody could recognize us in the darkness or that it was noticed we had been alone together.

I did not discover my father until we were entering the palace court. When I saw him I thanked Monsieur Gribouri and dismissed him with perfect politeness.

WHEN my father caught sight of me he came to meet me, but I drew him aside among the orange trees of the terrace.

"Father," I said, "are we Huguenot?"

He seemed astonished. After a short silence, he replied:

"We are like to be, I think. Don't you, Michelle?"

"Yes. Our Regiment d'Aulone is to march against the Huguenots; the King's spies know that we possess a Bible and prayer book of the reformed religion. We are to submit, and reaffirm our faith. If we do this we prosper and the road to preferment lies open before us under favor of the King, of the Marquise de Maintenon, of Pere Lachaise, of the Marquis de Louvois. Otherwise we are lost."

"Where got you this, Michelle?"

"I may not name the source."

"A pledge?"

I nodded and plucked his laced cuff to call his attention to the Marquis de Chamilly followed by Monsieur Gribouri, who were coming toward us from the direction of the King's apartments. Somehow I knew that these gentlemen were coming for my father, and that the crisis was here!

Monsieur de Chamilly, seeing us, immediately approached us. He held a letter in his hand.

"Ah, Monsieur d'Aulone," he said, "I have excellent news for you who are first of all a soldier."

My father smilingly took the letter, asked indulgence, broke the King's seal, and read it, smiling all the while.

I did not even glance at Gribouri or at Chamilly. I watched my father.

When he had read the letter he thanked the Marquis politely, who immediately took his leave of us and hurried away with Gribouri, whom I had not noticed by the slightest quiver of an eyelash.

Slowly my father and I walked over to the wall, where nobody could look over our shoulders.

He handed me the letter. I read it by the light of the great crystal luster overhead:

MONSIEUR LE COMTE D'AULONE.

Monsieur:

The Marquis de Chamilly has asked the King for a regiment to operate in the vicinity of La Rochelle, where new disturbances are reported among the Calvinists.

His majesty has been gracious enough to designate the Regiment d'Aulone to carry out his wishes.

Your marching orders will be delivered to you within the week. LOUVOIS.

I looked at my father. Well, the crisis had come, as Gribouri had warned me. It was here.

My father said, quite calmly:

"It is not my habit to await attack. I go to meet it."

He looked at his watch. It was now past eleven. At twelve the King retired.

He said: "Michelle, if I am arrested, you

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

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FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

will go at once to the Convent of the Recollettes, which is the large structure the park walls of which adjoin the wall of our pavilion garden. From that sanctuary you will write of what has happened to the Baroness d'Elven and ask her advice and protection until such time as my fate becomes certain. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes, father."

"Then come with me."

I was frightened.

As we came into the great gallery we saw Louvois passing through the crowds; and my father directed his steps to encounter him.

Seeing us, he gave my father a sharp glance, then instantly was all courtesy and attentions.

Of him we learned that the King was working at his bureau in Madame de Maintenon's cabinet, and that Louvois was on his way thither.

He seemed astonished that my father should request an audience, although at that hour not only the King's ministers but officers of the army were often summoned for a word or admitted to present dispatches.

We went with Louvois and came finally into an antechamber, where Louvois bade us wait.

A single Blue Halberdier paced the threshold. Instantly I remembered what the Baroness d'Elven had told us. I saw my father give him a quick glance, and I knew that he also remembered.

In this antechamber there were three gilded doors: one through which we had entered, another to the right, another to the left.

Louvois continued on through the door on the right. Scarcely had he disappeared when the Blue Halberdier turned sharply on his heel and said in a low voice to my father: "You are the Comte d'Aulone, are you not, sir?"

"I am," replied my father coolly.

"Madame the Baroness d'Elven sends you this key." He thrust a key at my father, who took it instantly and dropped it into his pocket.

"Sir, in case of trouble, leave the palace by *that* door," whispered the halberdier, pointing to the door on the left.

Then he tossed his tasseled halberd to his shoulder and began slowly to pace the threshold outside the antechamber.

Almost immediately the door on the right opened and Louvois came out, followed by his secretary. He was hot, flushed, and agitated.

"Monsieur," he said almost harshly, "you may see his majesty if you desire to, but his majesty is considerably disturbed concerning the troubles near La Rochelle, and I advise you not to."

HOWEVER, at that moment one of Madame de Maintenon's gentlemen appeared at the same door and, asking our names, signified that we were to follow him through the corridor.

The next moment a door opened and we saw the King. He sat at a table, writing. His armchair was pushed back against the wall. There was one other chair near it.

Opposite, in a corner, upon a three-cornered red damask sofa, sat Madame de Maintenon, sewing. Beyond her was an alcove with a bed in it.

We made our reverences. As I recovered and rose, I saw that the King's eyes were fixed upon the letter containing the orders of Louvois, which my father held unfolded in his hand.

Now, bowing respectfully again to the King, he advanced and laid the letter upon the table.

"Monsieur," said the King quietly, "what does this signify? Do you not understand your orders?"

"Sire," said my father in his pleasant voice, "with all possible respect and submission to your majesty, I refuse to charge my conscience with the execution of any such orders."

I was so terrified that my knees shook. Madame de Maintenon continued to sew.

But over the King's face had come a dreadful pallor. He looked at the broken seal of the letter; he looked at my father.

"Sire," said my father in his tranquil voice, "will your majesty be pleased to send for your Captain of the Guard in order that I may surrender to him my sword?"

The King rose, white with fury; blinded by it!—for his hand fell upon a jeweled dog whip that lay among his papers, and he clutched it and lifted it with a sort of sharp cry like a forest beast.

I heard the startled voice of Madame de Maintenon: "Sire! Sire! What are you doing?" And—oh, God!—I saw my father's raging visage and his naked sword in his hand.

THERE fell a horrible silence. Then my father, looking the King in the eyes, suddenly bent one knee and snapped his sword blade across it, and threw the fragments upon the King's table, where they rolled among his papers.

Not a word was said. We went out.

As we entered the antechamber where the Blue Halberdier stood, one of Madame de Maintenon's gentlemen rushed past us—on his way to the guardroom, I suppose.

Near dead with fear, I twitched my father's sleeve and drew him toward the door on the left. "The key. This way——"

"Yes," he said, "I remember."

The door opened upon a narrow stairway. As we arrived at the door below, two sentries crossed their muskets and called out: "Who goes there?"

"Friends," said my father carelessly.

I know not what they thought; but, seeing my father had the key to the door, and went about opening with all the coolness in the world, they let us pass out into the night.

Outside the blue and gold balustrades and beyond the gilded grille I caught sight of our carrosse; and we hurried to it and told our men to drive home at a gallop.

My father held me close in his arms. What he had done in Maintenon's cabinet meant death for him. We both knew it.

"Remember," he said, "you are to ask for sanctuary at the Recollette Nuns'. Then write to our cousin of Elven."

"Yes. And you?"

"Get clear of French soil, somehow."

"Take Bouffon and try to reach the coast—" I choked. My lips and throat were so dry with terror that I could scarcely articulate.

He nodded. The coach stopped. He handed me out. To our mounted *piqueur* he said: "Go across to the barracks and tell Sergeant Bouffon to saddle my two horses, Chiriqui and La Flamme, and bring them here instantly."

Then he dismissed the carrosse, and we entered our garden.

I clung to my father until Bouffon rode up with the horses.

"'Fearing God Alone,'" said my father, taking me into his arms.

"Surely. Your swiftest refuge is some ship, is it not?"

"Yes."

"You have money?"

He reassured me and told me to take with me all the gold in his strong box, and gave me the key.

There was no moment to lose. He strained me to his breast, turned, and sprang into his saddle.

As long as I could hear their horses' galloping flight I stood there at the gate. Then, when darkness had swallowed the last sound, I went into the house, ran to my father's apartment, emptied into a large embroidered portfolio what gold there was, and swept the remainder of my mother's jewels into it.

I had told Nanon she need not wait up for me. But Nicole was waiting. I loved and trusted her as I did not entirely trust Nanon.

When she saw me in the candlelight she exclaimed at my paleness; but I put my hand over her mouth.

"Listen," I said. "The fact is that my father and I are ruined in this hour; and if they catch my father the King will have him executed!"

She stared at me in horror, but she stood the shock.

"Nicole, do you love me?"

"Oh, m—mademoiselle——"

"Very well. I take refuge with the Recollettes. Pack one trunk with plain necessities and have your drummer boy, Colin, carry it there before dawn——"

I pulled out of my heavy portfolio more gold than the girl ever could hope to see in all her life.

"For you and Colin, when you marry," I said. "Go back to Aulone in the carrosse. At least you will be at home."

Tears were streaming down her cheeks.

I said: "Tell nobody where I have gone. I do not trust Nanon."

"I have to tell you," whispered Nicole, "that Red Gendarmes came here after you and M'sieu' le Comte had gone to the palace. Nanon gave them your Bible and book of prayer."

Maintenon had dared buy my own servant under my very nose. I knew that we had lost everything within the hour—Aulone, Maniscamp-sur-Ombre, the regiment — all — every acre, every penny.

I SAID to Nicole: "This is the end of France for us. But nobody knows it yet except the King, his Maintenon, ourselves, and the Captain of the King's Guard.

"When they fail to unearth us in the palace they will come here to rummage. Therefore, pack one box; and you and I will carry it to the Recollettes' gate, for I dare not wait for reveille and Colin."

We fell to it with a will, and shortly got it packed. We carried the box down to the garden, waited till the sentry had turned the corner into the mews, then we lugged our box out under the rows of trees and dragged it along the footway to the Recollettes' gate.

Here I seized the bell rope and rang, and the noise of the iron bell scared us both. After a long while an old man came.

I said to him: "I am Mademoiselle de Maniscamp and I seek sanctuary of the Recollette Nuns, who, for benefits received from the Counts of Aulone, are pledged to receive any woman of that family."

He opened the gates. Nicole and I dragged the box within. Then I began to cry, and I took Nicole into my arms and kissed her, and so left her and went on to the convent beyond, where the Sisters received me with every kindness.

WHEN, next morning, I awoke in my narrow bed, my eyes encountered a bare stone wall. Sleepy, puzzled, I turned my head and saw, at the foot of my bed, a crucifix.

Suddenly I started up with a stifled cry. I remembered that my father had drawn his sword against his King. Death was the penalty.

But it is not among the faults of our race that, when a blow fells us, we lie prone in terror of another. Somewhere in France my father was galloping toward safety. I lay here with the Recollettes, in sanctuary. We both were in God's hands.

Only where respect for religion holds are convent walls a sacred barrier. What happens in the garden of the Recollettes when a girl's wits are matched against a man's passion? You'll learn when you reach the tense crisis in next week's installment.

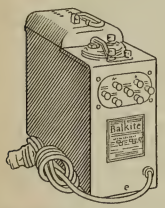
U. S. PATENT, OCT. 12, 1926

Silent, permanent radio power from the light socket

with Balkite "B" *and the* Balkite Charger

Balkite Trickle Charger

With 6-volt "A" batteries can be left on continuous or trickle charge thus automatically keeping the battery at full power. With 4-volt batteries can be used as an intermittent charger. Or as a trickle charger if a resistance is added. Charging rate about .5 ampere. Price $10. West of Rockies $10.50. (In Canada $15.)



Balkite Combination

When connected to your "A" battery supplies automatic power to both "A" and "B" circuits. Controlled by the filament switch already on your set. Entirely automatic in operation. Will serve any set now using either 4 or 6-volt "A" batteries and requiring not more than 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current—practically all sets of up to 8 tubes. Price $59.50. (In Canada $83.)

All Balkite Radio Power Units operate from 110-120 volt AC current with models for both 60 and 50 cycles. Also 25-40 cycle model Balkite Charger.

Over 650,000 radio sets are now equipped with Balkite Radio Power Units because they provide silent, infallible, permanent power from the light socket. They are noiseless in operation and can be used during reception. They employ no tubes. They have nothing to wear out or replace, and no dials to complicate tuning. They are built to conform with the Underwriters' standards. Other than a slight current consumption their first cost is the last. They are based on the same Balkite principle now commonly used in railway signaling, hospital lighting and numerous other systems where power must be infallible.

One way of equipping your radio set with Balkite is to add Balkite "B" and the Balkite Charger. Balkite "B" eliminates "B" batteries entirely and supplies "B" current from the light socket. It is the proved popular "B" power supply. Of the 75,000 now in use, to our knowledge not one has ever worn out. Balkite "B"-W serves sets of 5 tubes or less requiring 67 to 90 volts, Balkite "B"-X sets of up to 135 volts and 8 tubes and Balkite "B"-Y any standard set.

The Balkite Charger, with both high and low charging rates, is a trickle and rapid charger in one. In effect it makes your "A" battery a light socket "A" power supply. Its high rate provides a ready reserve for heavy duty use.

Add these Balkite Units to your radio set now. Then it will always perform at its best. *Ask your dealer.*

[Balkite "B"-W $27.50; "B"-X $42; "B"-Y $69; Balkite Charger $19.50, West of Rockies $20. In Canada "B"-W $39; "B"-X $59.50; "B"-Y $96; Charger $27.50]

Fansteel Products Co., Inc.
North Chicago, Ill.

The Balkite
Radio Symphony Concerts
with WALTER DAMROSCH
and the New York Symphony

Every other Saturday Evening a symphony concert. On intervening Saturdays, one of Mr. Damrosch's famous piano recitals on Wagner's great Music Dramas. Balkite Hour 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, over a group of 13 stations: WEAF, WEEI, WGR, WFI, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WWJ, WGN, WCCO. KSD, WDAF, WOC.

Balkite *Radio Power Units*

THE BALKITE LINE OF ELECTROLYTIC DEVICES IS PROTECTED BY RMA EDGAR W. ENGLE U. S. REISSUE PATENT NO. 16,436, DATED OCT. 12, 1926

The Freest SHOW on Earth

Why Performers on the Radio Stage Pay for the Privilege

An Article by

QUIN A. RYAN

WGN Announcer

Picture by Foto Topics, Inc.

Station WOR features a Saxophone Symphony Orchestra (above) for its listeners-in.

Photo by The Drake

Quin A. Ryan (right), WGN announcer, and Vernon Rickard (left) giving their nightly animal impersonations in Uncle Walt's Punch and Judy.

THE biggest show on earth! Admission only three pins!

Radio entertainment is as free as rain water. All you need to buy is something to catch it in. The good folk hold out their bushel-basket radio horns and collect the manna from the heavens.

The broadcasters are the butter-and-egg men by appointment to His Majesty the American Fan. They put the finest talent of the world at the beck and call of the public, and never pass the hat.

Yet they have their sordidly materialistic moments. About eight times a day they sit down and ask, "Who's going to pay for it?"

As in the case of the weather and Charlie Dawes' pipe, everybody talks about it, but nobody does anything.

Of course, after five years of broadcasting gratis, it's rather late to suggest that Santa Claus operate on a strictly cash basis. The broadcasters should have laid down a box-office plan before they rushed pell-mell into their philanthropies.

Many a pretty theory has been teed up for consideration, and by and large they have *all* been sliced into the rough. Some have popped the question of licensing radio listeners, the proceeds to go to the broadcasters. Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover has said of this:

"This country would never stand for licensing or taxing radio listeners. That idea works only when one company has a monopoly and all the revenue so derived goes into one pool. And we don't like monopoly. And, then, how are you going to have a police force snooping around for illicit aerials and searching people's homes?"

Of a proposed tax on radio equipment, Mr. Hoover has stated:

"People go into the theaters and pay admission, and that solves the problem right there for the stage or concert hall; but it is obvious that there is no such way of getting the radio audience to pay for what it gets. So you've got to approach that some other way—leaving out the license-tax scheme.

"I've heard only one very feasible suggestion. That is to fix a certain tax—say two per cent, for instance—on the sale of radio equipment. . . . You could provide enough that way to pay for daily programs of the best skill and talent throughout the year."

One station, WHB, of Kansas City, inaugurated a plan of selling annual "box seats" to its "invisible theater," with printed programs and life-size theater tickets being sent to all who contributed to the visible box office, entitling them to a specified seat. There were many voluntary contributions, but the stunt was abandoned after a while.

SO, after all's said and little's done, we find the broadcasters reverting to the basic formula of program broadcasting—the brandishing of indirect advertising. The good will, the "institutional publicity," and the trade-mark advertising that are derived from sandwiching the name of a product or an institution in between program offerings warrant the broadcasting expenditures, they say.

The majority of the broadcasting stations advertise only one thing, the firm name of the organizations operating them, and this is construed not so much as advertising as it is an identification of the station the listener is hearing. Some stations maintain themselves as agencies for the advertising of others' trade names, selling time on the air as newspaper advertising space is sold. The advertisers may be charged from $75 to $1,000 an hour to present their entertainers on the air, the rates varying with the time of day and the extent of the territory the station covers.

A motley family is engaged in the business of broadcasting as an indirect advertising medium—radio manufacturers, theaters, newspapers, department stores, universities, State experimental stations, churches, fraternal societies, railroads, and hotels.

Their simple trade-marks, as they are set off occasionally amid the nightly fireworks display, pay for the public's gigantic free show.

That's comically cheap, you must admit. It doesn't hurt anyone's ears to hear an intermittent trade-mark during a concert. Try to parallel the case in your imagination, if you will: What if we could attend the best vaudeville show for only the price of listening to the announcement that the trained beetles' act is presented by the Skylark Cistern Company—and then on with the show! What if we got our newspapers for nothing, just because there's paid advertising in their innards! It doesn't prove anything, but it's fun to think about!

Station KMOX, at St. Louis, is the spokesman for a dozen or so firms. Each one helps to pay the piper and takes its share of time on the air. Station WCCO, at Minneapolis and St. Paul, splits its big bill two ways: one-half is met by a milling company, which calls the station after its product, and the other half of the annual expense is borne by approximately 500 business concerns, which subscribe in the interest of civic booming and derive no individual publicity.

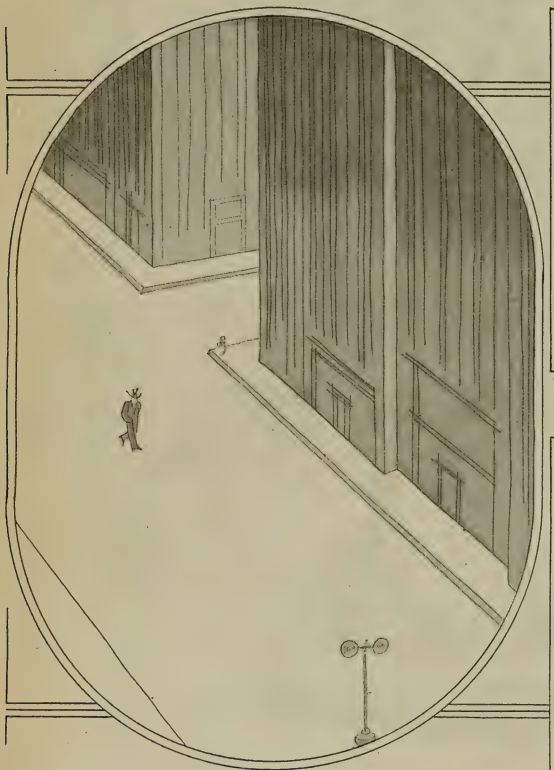
It's mild advertising and innocuous propaganda that are sustaining the radio stations and providing the biggest show on earth free of charge. It will remain mild and innocuous, because whenever it starts to run amuck, the audiences will attend to the matter themselves.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

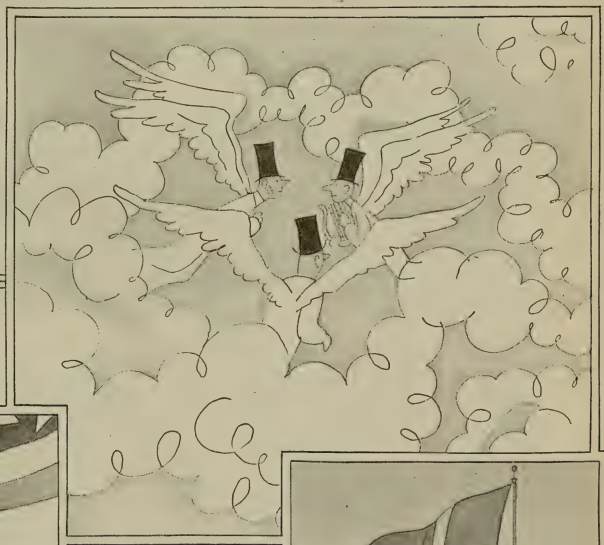
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



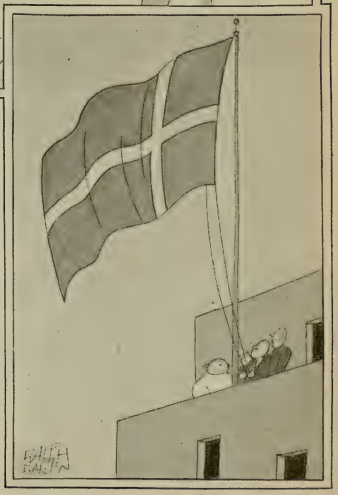
THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM SOLVED AT LAST. Wholly unexpected and delightful result in down-town streets when people of country strictly observed National Mind-Your-Own-Business Monday by attending to their own affairs.

A TIMELY APPEAL. (The Graphic Section had every intention of publishing this specially posed photograph early in November, but somehow kept putting it off until—here it is Christmas! We apologize to our readers.)



SPECIAL CORNER RESERVED IN HEAVEN for heads of companies that send self-addressed envelopes with monthly bills. (*Photo by special correspondent.*)

THE POLITICIANS' PARADISE: Because of great prosperity, the United States Government now runs itself without aid of office-holders, and politicians may devote their entire terms to getting themselves elected next term.



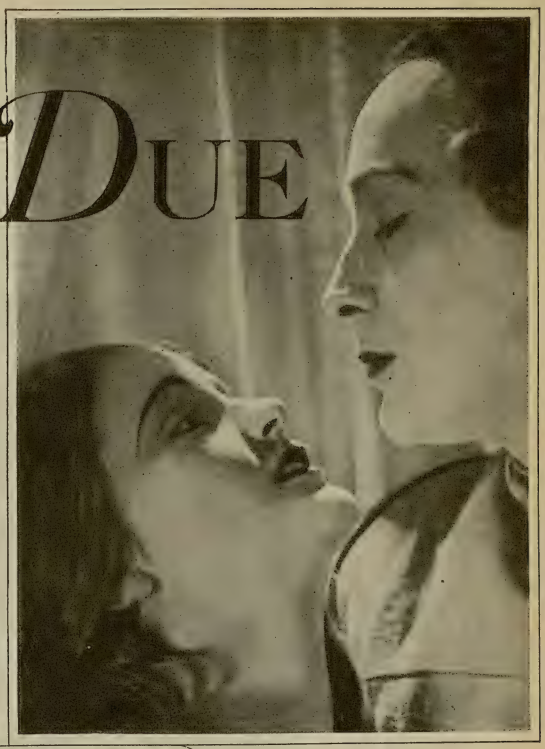
BRAVO, DENMARK! Graphic Section's own Knights and Ladies of the Right raise Danish flag on Honor Flagpole at headquarters to celebrate spread of righteousness to Denmark, which has just prohibited stud poker.

Giving the Devil His Due

Camilla Horn, a Berlin Cabaret Girl, Steals the Honors of Faust from Emil Jannings, and Lillian Gish Has a Rival

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH



THE devil is getting his due on the screen these days. David Wark Griffith has just given the films a Marie Corelli devil—sleek and silk-hatted. Now comes the imported German production of Faust, with a roystering medieval *Satan*, otherwise Emil Jannings. Even with Adolphe Menjou as Mr. Griffith's *Lucifer*, all the honors go to Herr Jannings.

This version of Faust, which, in a measure, follows Goethe's complex poem, comes to America a bit belatedly. Mr. Jannings is in Hollywood, about to start his first story. F. W. Murnau, its director and the maker of The Last Laugh, is in Hollywood, too, working for William Fox. The lovely *Marguerite* of Faust, one Camilla Horn, will be in Hollywood before long. She's a real film find.

Faust was filmed at the UFA studios in Berlin some eight or ten months ago. Production work was held up for nearly a year, while UFA endeavored to borrow Lillian Gish from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. UFA readily conceded Miss Gish's heavy salary envelope, $10,000 a week, but Metro wasn't able to rearrange its production schedule.

So Miss Gish missed the role of *Marguerite*, and Herr Murnau began a frenzied search for a heroine. The quest for a chaste and virginal *Marguerite* finally led him to a Berlin cabaret—and Camilla Horn, a young and unknown seventeen-year-old dancer, was signed. The signing of Miss Horn saved UFA something like $9,700 weekly. Jannings was cast for the role of *Mephisto*, and Gosta Ekman, a Swedish star, was brought over to Berlin to play *Faust*.

* * *

The picture is a remarkably fine screen production. It is superb in atmosphere and acting. Murnau has caught the ribald, merry, superstitious medieval feeling with remarkable success.

Here it may be noted that this newcomer from the Berlin night clubs—Camilla Horn—fairly runs away with the picture. It is the first time that Jannings ever has had a film stolen from him, but there is no doubt about the beauty and appeal of Miss Horn's performance. Miss Gish is going to regret letting this girl get a chance at *Marguerite*. This Berliner can give the American star a handicap at playing touching innocence and beat the Gish at her own game.

W. C. Fields, with Alice Joyce (at right) and Marcia Harris in So's Your Old Man.

Camilla Horn (at left) and Gosta Ekman in the new German film version of Faust.

I am not belittling Jannings' brilliant *Lucifer* in praising Miss Horn. Nor am I forgetting Ekman's satisfactory *Faust*. Nor Yvette Guilbert's rowdy *Martha*.

There are innumerable fine screen moments in Faust. A striking one comes when *Faust* draws the magic circle at the lonely crossroads and offers his soul to *Satan*. Another presents *Satan* and *Faust* in flight across the universe. Still another lies in *Marguerite's* first yielding to *Faust*. Murnau proves, with Faust, that The Last Laugh was no mere flash of luck.

* * *

It isn't an easy critical step from *Faust*, playing with the alchemy of creating life and gold, to W. C. Fields, inventing an unbreakable automobile windshield. However, it must be done, if comment is to be made upon Fields' second starring film, So's Your Old Man.

This comedy is fairly amusing. Its creators have seized upon the visit of Marie, the royal indorser of Roumania, I suspect. Old *Sam Bisbee* is the downtrodden small-townsman until Marie, Princess of something or other, comes to visit the place. Marie selects Mrs. Bisbee to be her hostess—and Sam is made socially.

As the *Princess*, Alice Joyce is charming. Fields will be a lot funnier when he learns more about pictures. Even so, I have seen many worse comedies than So's Your Old Man.

The subtitle drawings lend hilarity to the comedy. These brilliant, scintillating, and masterly works of art are by my Westport, Connecticut, farmer neighbor, John Held, Jr. (Please let these superlatives stand, because I never know when I may have to borrow a hayrake from Squire Held.)

Do you know that—

Ronald Colman is playing a bold Spanish bandit in The Night of Love, directed by George Fitzmaurice? . . . Vilma Banky is the blonde heroine kidnapped by the aforementioned gypsy bandit? . . . United Artists signs the Duncan Sisters to do a film version of their Topsy and Eva? . . . James Cruze is to do a film version of Louis the Fourteenth with Wallace Beery starred? . . . Charlie Ray has a leading role in Getting Gertie's Garter? . . . Pola Negri is to play *Becky Sharp* in Vanity Fair?

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Dries in less than 30 minutes

There is only one Laca —there is no substitute

YOU can walk on your Laca finished floor almost immediately—for this wonderful new lacquer finish dries to the touch in five minutes and is thoroughly dry in less than a half-hour.

And Laca gives you the most beautiful and enduring result you've ever seen—in attractive solid colors, in colorful transparent effects, or in rich, clear finish on furniture, woodwork or floors. You can finish any surface and put it into use without the usual "long waiting" for the finish to dry.

Try Laca just once and you'll never be without it. Your nearby dealer can supply you. See him today or use the coupon.

To Housewives—

Send 10 cents for sample can, together with beautiful new book, "A Garden of Color in Your Home", and Laca Color Folder.

THE GLIDDEN COMPANIES
National Headquarters, Cleveland, O.

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps for which please send me a 40-cent sample can of Laca in the color checked below. Also a copy of "A Garden of Color in Your Home" and Laca Color Chart.

My Dealer's Name is_____

His Address is_____

My Name_____

Address_____

City and State_____

Check color here. *Solid colors:* Old Ivory, Golden Yellow, Orange, India Buff, Mist Blue, French Gray, Lettuce Green, Shantung Blue, Mandarin Red, Apple Green, Rich Blue, Bright Red, Jade Green, Golden Brown, Dark Green, Buff, French Yellow, Light Gray, Drab, Oak, Slate, Black, White. *Transparent colors:* Light Oak, Dark Oak, Walnut, Dark Mahogany, Clear.

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Where Is OUR Wandering Nell this evening?

With No Mother to Guide Her, She's Doing Quite Well on Broadway, Thanks

An Article by

BURNS MANTLE

THIS particular theater season, I am inclined to believe, has been a wonderful adventure for the old-fashioned girl whose chief delight in the drama is that of imagining herself suffering in jeopardy with the heroine and reveling in her rewards at the play's conclusion.

There has been a definite change in the style of heroines. Being somewhat younger than a mid-Victorian—being an early Rooseveltian, say—you must remember when the sweetheart of the drama at least lived at home.

Usually she was bounded on the north by a father who barked, on the south by a mother who trembled and wept, and on the east and west by curious cousins, eager lovers of varied but normal habits, and the usual temptations that beset heroines.

It has been some time now since our Nells have been domestically inclined, and this year virtually all of them are in open rebellion against all the drama's conventions. Nell is not, as you might infer, entirely on the loose. But she is at least abnormally curious and thoroughly independent. The growing popularity of moral turpitude as a dramatic issue is interesting.

Take, for example, the first eight of this season's dramas, as they are selling best on Broadway in mid-November. They are, as the brokers confirm the list:

The Captive	Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
Broadway	We Americans
An American Tragedy	Daisy Mayme
The Play's the Thing	The Noose

And consider the activities of their ladies:

In The Captive the heroine is frankly degenerate and in open rebellion against a moral and healthy home life.

In Broadway she is the dancing partner of a "hoofer" in a night club, fighting forces that keep her away from a sick mother in New Jersey.

ROY LANE, *the "hoofer," and Billie Moore, the heroine, in Broadway.*

CLYDE GRIFFITHS, *the boy, and Roberta Alden, the girl, in one of the vital scenes from An American Tragedy.*

In An American Tragedy she is living alone in a factory-town hall bedroom, beset by all the temptations that surround the independent but lonely girl.

In Gentlemen Prefer Blondes she is a bold little gold-digger living on the generosities of her expectant male friends, and she hasn't lived at home since she left Arkansas at sixteen.

In The Play's the Thing she is a touring prima donna who almost loses her fiance, a youthful composer, when through the thin partitions of her bedroom wall he overhears her middle-aged music teacher renewing with some success the pleas of an earlier love.

In We Americans she is the daughter of immigrant parents, and she calmly and deliberately walks out on mamma and poppa because she is ashamed of their homely home ways.

In Daisy Mayme she is a Harrisburg milliner who has broken away from exasperating home ties and temporarily forsworn marriage.

And in The Noose—well, here she does swing back to the older style. She is the Governor's wife, but before she married the Governor she had known life. The young boy who is about to be hanged, and for whom influential friends are seeking a pardon, is her natural offspring, abandoned in infancy so that his mother might avoid scandal.

Even in those plays that are not so successful, the heroines are a different breed from what they used to be. In First Love she is a naive daughter of Roumania who goes to Paris

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[WHERE IS OUR WANDERING NELL THIS EVENING?
Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

to study medicine, and stays on to study men, offering inadvertently to sell herself to her lover's father to get money so the boy will not have to marry the rich girl picked out for him.

In Just Life she is an ex-prima donna who returns to the concert stage to help her husband out of financial difficulties, and comes home unexpectedly to find him in the arms of his more attractive and more eager stenographer.

We can still depend upon the music plays, however. They are running true to the traditional romance again this year. Their heroines may not all be home girls, but they are still interested in the old-time lovers. Only one in the current list of best sellers is threatened with originality. I refer to the piece called Oh, Kay! —written for Gertrude Lawrence, who came from her native England two seasons back with the Charlot Revue and who made so pleasant an impression that now she is almost the star of an American musical comedy.

The Kay of this title is *Lady Kay*, sister to a bootlegger of Rum Row. She comes ashore with a motor boat loaded with liquor one night, and meets her fate in the person of a singing bigamist who is about to marry his second wife without having legally lost the first.

But there is little change of form in the others. Nor is any expected. In Countess Maritza the romance is that of a high-born young man who disguises himself as the overseer of the Countess' estate just—you understand—to be near enough to her to sing duets with her, to kiss her full upon the lipstick, and finally to be sent away at the end of the second act, that he may be recalled at the finale of the third.

It would be a great pity to do anything drastic to that plot. It has served us, men and boys, so faithfully and so long. And the music is grand.

SO, too, with Katja, formerly called Katja the Dancer. Why? Because she is the royal lady who takes to dancing after she has lost her throne. She meets and charms the young *Prince of Karuja*. She should have hated *Karuja*, seeing he was responsible for her being dethroned. But—you know—she just couldn't. Not after she had seen his gold-braided wardrobe and heard him sing. Again, who cares? The music is lovely and the jokes new without being exactly fresh.

One of the music pieces I liked best is called Castles in the Air, and herein there is enough that is new to bring a singing prince to America incognito and introduce him to an American girl heroine as one who has hopes of buying a title.

THE strong scene in The Captive, between Jacques Virieu, the fiance of Irene, and M. d'Aiguines, husband of the woman who holds Irene emotionally captive.

HELEN DALE and Beth Levine in We Americans. Beth is a factory-town girl beset by all the temptations that surround the lonely girl.

The girl's rich American uncle thereupon engages the *Prince*, whom he believes to be a cheat, to make love to his niece and cure her once and for all of her title ambitions. And when they all get to Europe, where there are gay costumes and peasants dancing in the square, the hero turns out to be a real Prince, after all, even though he has been exiled. Which, played straight, as the actors say, provides an excellent Zenda finale.

The Wild Rose is also of the

Zenda school, having been fashioned from a forgotten comedy called Hawthorne of the U. S. A. There are what the comedian calls "pheasants" in The Wild Rose, too, and much dancing in the village streets.

The plot swings pleasantly around great big soldiers and small, frightened comedians, with the American hero rescuing the Borovinian *Princess* by swinging across the stage on a green hemp vine. A lot of people would be pleased if The Wild Rose were to prove to be another Rose-Marie, seeing it is the work of the same librettists and composers. But I fear for their hopes.

Of course we have the Fred Stones, with mother and Dorothy helping dad carry home the heaviest end of a sizable payroll Saturday nights. In Criss-Cross the Stones are presenting their annual tribute to decency and the delights of childhood in the theater. It is, I think, a fine thing that we can have one musical comedy that mother can safely send the children to see without so much as looking up the reviews. And you would be surprised to know how many mothers of even this free city of New York still worry about their children's theater contacts.

DAISY MAYME is another home rebel who forswears domesticity to run a notion shop. Above, May Phillips, the niece; below, Daisy Mayme and Cliff Mettinger, the bachelor.

Queen High is the particular pet of the season among the smaller musical comedies, and the least novel in story. Which goes to prove that the buying public worries little, if any, about the matter presented, as long as the manner of its presentation is attractive.

Queen High has been fashioned from an Edward Peple farce once known as A Pair of Sixes. In it quarreling partners in business agree to dissolve their copartnership and let a poker hand drawn cold from the deck determine the terms of settlement. Two hands are to be dealt. The holder of the winning hand is to inherit the business and the loser is to serve him as butler for one year. Upon such frail and exaggerated structures many music plays are built.

BUT to return to our heroines. The unhappy lady of The Captive you doubtless have heard most about. She is *Irene de Montcel*, a pale and pinched-faced creature who has fallen prey to the influences of an older woman. When *Irene's* father, a diplomat, announces his transfer from Paris to Berlin, *Irene* rebels against his command that she accompany him. And, rather than be compelled to leave Paris and her friend, she virtually asks *Jacques Virieu*, who had been her sweetheart some years before, to marry her.

The drama, which has been artfully adapted by Arthur Hornblow, Jr., from the French of Edouard Bourdet, attains a moment of supreme dramatic power in a scene between the fiance of *Irene* and *M. d'Aiguines*, the husband of the woman who holds the girl emotionally captive. He has come, this husband, to warn *Virieu* against the certain consequences of marriage with *Irene*. From his own tragic experiences he knows that she will again inevitably be drawn under the influence of the baleful lady who is his (*d'Aiguines'*) wife, causing *Virieu* to suffer the horrors of a disillusionment he recks not of.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE and a group from Oh, Kay, one of the Broadway hits that run true to traditional romance.

Virieu, however, is true to his promise to marry *Irene* and hopeful of the outcome. But, after a year abroad on their wedding journey, they return to Paris and the defeat of their high hopes. Their marriage has proved a complete and ghastly failure.

THIS is the first time the theme of The Captive has dared raise its ugly head in the drama of Anglo-Saxons. In this particular instance it is treated with intelligence and skill. But if it should later attract a different and quite prevalent type of playwright and producer, play censors are likely to have a busy time of it.

The play called Broadway is the most outstanding of the normal successes of the early season. Written by Philip Dunning, a stage manager, and George Abbott, an actor as well as playwright, it is the most expertly and the most satisfyingly staged comedy of recent years. And fascinating because it deals realistically with that phase of Broadway life centering around Longacre Square and the night clubs.

I have spoken of its homeless heroine, but she really is more incidental than usual with heroines. She is one of an octette of chorus girls working in the Paradise Night Club with a hoofer named *Roy Lane*—hoofer, in the argot of the theater, being a specialty dancer, one of those shuffling lads with rubber ankles and hysterical feet.

Billie Moore is her name, and it is her ambition, seeing *Lane* has singled her out for individual preference, to qualify as his dancing partner that they may become a recognized vaudeville team on the "big time." It will be a thrilling day for *Billie*, *Lane* promises, when she sees Roy Lane & Co. in electric lights, and realizes that she is the "Co."

The night this partnership is all but broken up furnishes the adventure covered by the play. That night one bootlegger, a dapper fellow whose selling territory is in the central part of the city, shoots and kills his rival rum merchant from the Bronx in the Paradise Club. After that there are detectives around the club, trying to fasten the crime on someone, and *Lane* is suspected. And while *Lane* is being held the bootlegger killer tries to elope with *Billie*, which makes for a good deal of excitement. In the end *Lane* is cleared of suspicion and *Billie* decides that touring with a hoofer offers more opportunity for domestic happiness than eloping from time to time with gentlemen of questionable occupation, even though they can buy her diamond bracelets.

The heroine of An American Tragedy is the most pathetic lady of the early-season plays, as those of you who have read Theodore Dreiser's novel from which the play is taken will readily understand. She, too, is an incidental heroine.

Clyde Griffiths, the foolish boy around whom the tragedy swirls, carries the heart of the piece from curtain to curtain. There are two women in his unhappy life. In the play, which reduces the two volumes of the book to the more dramatic incidents of the story, *Clyde* is introduced with his evangelistic parents holding a street meeting in a small Western town. From upper rooms bordering the street shine the bright lights of a gay resort, and the lure of what is behind those windows interests *Clyde* much more than the mumbled exhortations of the evangelists.

Two years later *Clyde* is in the factory town of Lycurgus, meeting his wealthy cousins, the *Samuel Griffiths*, and the pretty little *Sondra Finchley*. Now he is in the factory and in contact with *Roberta Alden*, the factory girl striving for economic independence and very homesick and lonely. Their summer's flirtation follows, and the seduction that is its climax is boldly played.

Then social ambition assails *Clyde*. He would be rid of *Roberta* and turn to *Sondra*. Especially when he learns from *Roberta* of the consequences of their intimacy. From the newspaper story of a girl's drowning and the adventure of her escort, *Clyde* conceives the idea of escaping his responsibilities toward *Roberta*. They go rowing on Bittern Lake, and *Roberta*, changing her position in the boat, falls or is pushed into the water and drowns. Whether or not it was deliberate murder is as open to debate in the play's telling as it is in the novel.

CLYDE'S trial follows, with the refusal of the jury to believe the boy's story, and the play ends as he is being led from the death house to be executed. It is a tragic scene, played to the last emotional dreg. The guards enter to cut the boy's trousers for the contact of the electrode. The prison chaplain carries out the sympathetic rites of his religious office. The doomed lad calls back his farewells to his shrieking cell mates, and the procession starts. It is a scene that leaves the audience limp.

Beth Levine, of We Americans, is as typical of New York heroines living in the Bronx as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHERE IS OUR WANDERING NELL THIS EVENING? Continued from Page Thirty-one]

Lorelei Lee is typical of those whose lives center around the theaters, the supper clubs, and the kitchenette apartment houses of the rushing Forties. She is the daughter of Jewish parents, settled some years in America, but still racially representative of the immigrant class and more or less content.

But *Beth* is not content. As she and her brother *Phil* grow up, complete their educations, and start out in life, their social contacts are entirely different from those of their parents. They are ashamed of and humiliated by the old-country atmosphere that still clings to their home life. Finally *Beth* cannot stand home conditions any longer. She packs her bag and goes to Greenwich Village to live with the artistic younger set with which she has become intimate.

But before she goes she is frank to tell her father and mother exactly what she thinks is wrong with them. They are either indolent or uninterested. They boast of their Americanism, and they make not the least effort to achieve anything resembling American ways or to understand American viewpoints.

After *Beth* has left, and been warned by her thoroughly aroused father never to return to that house again, the old people do take count of what she has said. And, admitting that she is right, they determine to correct their deficiencies. Soon they are attending night school and learning much about America they never knew before. Which brings about a family reconciliation, before the adventure is completed, which is vastly satisfying to the play's audiences.

PERHAPS the most typical of all the domestic freebooters among the popular heroines of this year's drama is *Lorelei Lee* of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. *Lorelei*, it appears from sundry sketchy admissions in Anita Loos' comedy, did have a home once. That was in Arkansas. But she paid as little attention to it as possible, looking upon it as quite a hindrance to a girl's rightful progress in the world. Especially where her gentlemen friends were concerned. Gentlemen, especially when they travel a great deal, are very seldom interested in homes, *Lorelei* discovered.

She compromises in the end, however, just as *Daisy Mayme* did. After she has had her trip to Europe at the expense of *Gus Eisman*, a gentleman of the button profession who is interested in her higher education, and after she has had a rather disturbing adventure with the *Sir Francis Beekmans*, as a result of which she has a great deal of trouble convincing *Lady Beekman* that *Sir Francis* was quite, quite innocent of any wrong thoughts when he gave her a diamond tiara, *Lorelei* decides that perhaps it would be as well if she settled down temporarily in Philadelphia with *Henry Spoffard*, much the most intellectual, she is sure, and certainly one of the wealthiest of those gentlemen whose preferences she has stimulated.

George Kelly's heroine in Daisy Mayme is also a home rebel, as far as her own experiences are concerned. When she could stand her Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, kin no longer, she moved away from the family gathering places and started a notion store, achieving independence and a modest livelihood.

It is while she is enjoying both, lolling in modest middle-class luxury about the beach and boardwalk of Atlantic City, that she meets *Cliff Mettinger* and his niece, *May Phillips*. *Cliff* is a reconciled bachelor of forty-three, who has been fathering two of his sisters and their children ever since the responsibilities of the family were laid upon him by the death of his parents.

From the friendship of these vacation days *Daisy* agrees to go home with *Cliff* and *May* for a further week's visit. She is jolly; they like her, and she likes them. But once inside the *Mettinger* home the atmosphere changes. In *Daisy* the sisters immediately sense a designing female, matrimonially inclined. No doubt she is there as the result of a deliberately thought-out campaign. And they are prepared to give battle. No interloper is going to get what *Cliff* has accumulated. They propose to keep that for themselves.

Daisy had come visiting with no other thought than one of pleasing her new friends. But now that the sisters have put the thought in her mind and make so much of it, she laughingly accepts the contest. In the end she does marry *Cliff*, though not until they both have very soberly and frankly entered the confessional and agreed that they are reasonably entitled to such happiness as they may be able to extract from their belated romance.

The Play's the Thing is one of what Professor Brander Matthews classifies as the Budapestilent series. Ferenc Molnar wrote the original, and this adaptation has been made by the English humorist, P. G. Wodehouse, who has brought *Jeeves*, the perfect gentleman's gentleman, along with him, and put him in the play.

SIR FRANCIS BEEKMAN and Lorelei Lee, the latter the blonde preferred in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.

ILONA SZABO (at left), the prima donna in The Play's the Thing, a comedy by P. G. Wodehouse from the original by Molnar.

There are some who say the piece is autobiographical, as much of the Molnar work is. It, at least, is the adventure of a playwright, one *Sandor Turai*, who is on the Italian Riviera with the young composer, *Albert Adam*, planning to make a big success of their forthcoming operetta.

BUT the night they arrive unexpectedly they happen to be in a sitting-room that is separated only by an amazingly thin partition from the sleeping quarters of *Ilona Szabo*, prima donna, who not only is to sing the chief role in the new work, but who has served also as young *Adam's* inspiration in its writing. He, boylike, is deeply, completely in love with her.

Suddenly through the partition they hear one of *Ilona's* former lovers pleading passionately, and with some promise of success, to be restored to her favor. *Adam* is crushed. Not only does he refuse to go on with the opera, but there is danger that he will pitch himself from a high cliff or throw himself into the sea.

Something, *Turai* realizes, must be done. So he sits up all night, writing a one-act play that will contain the more ardent of the love passages overheard by the composer-lover, and next day he forces *Ilona* and her discarded admirer to enact the play for *Adam*, so that he may see they were merely rehearsing. He may have heard references to the fragrance and roundness of what he assumed to be *Ilona's* charms, but it was only a prize peach to which the pleader referred in the play, he being a slightly erratic fruit-grower.

Thus is a compromise of sorts comically achieved, and the audience departs chuckling at the clever audacity of two playwrights—the one in the story and the other in Hungary.

THERE have been a few interesting and regretted failures, and many that were both uninteresting and not at all regretted. Deep River, a lovely native opera that ambled melodiously through old New Orleans when the Creoles were a social power, was not quite operatic enough for the Metropolitan set and a little too fine for the crowd. . . . God Loves Us, another drama of frustration, detailing with amusing particularity the lives, hopes, ambitions, and defeats of the clock-punchers in a greeting-card factory, saddened those it had hoped to cheer. . . . Juarez and Maximilian, an eloquent picture of the noble Austrian's last stand among the Mexicans, was too episodic and lacking in the simpler emotional appeals to gratify more than a percentage of the Theater Guild's public. . . . White Wings, an amusing satire deftly removing the hide from the hidebound by way of a broad fantasy picturing the last stand of the White Wings who cleaned New York's streets against the inevitable onsweep of the automobile that was to displace the horse and his faithful shovel-and-broom attendant, continued but briefly in the competition.

But we may also point with a little thrill of pride at the record run of What Every Woman Knows, which withdrew only after Helen Hayes, assuming the quaint and winsome crown that once sat perkily upon the head of Maude Adams, had played it for nearly 300 times in revival.

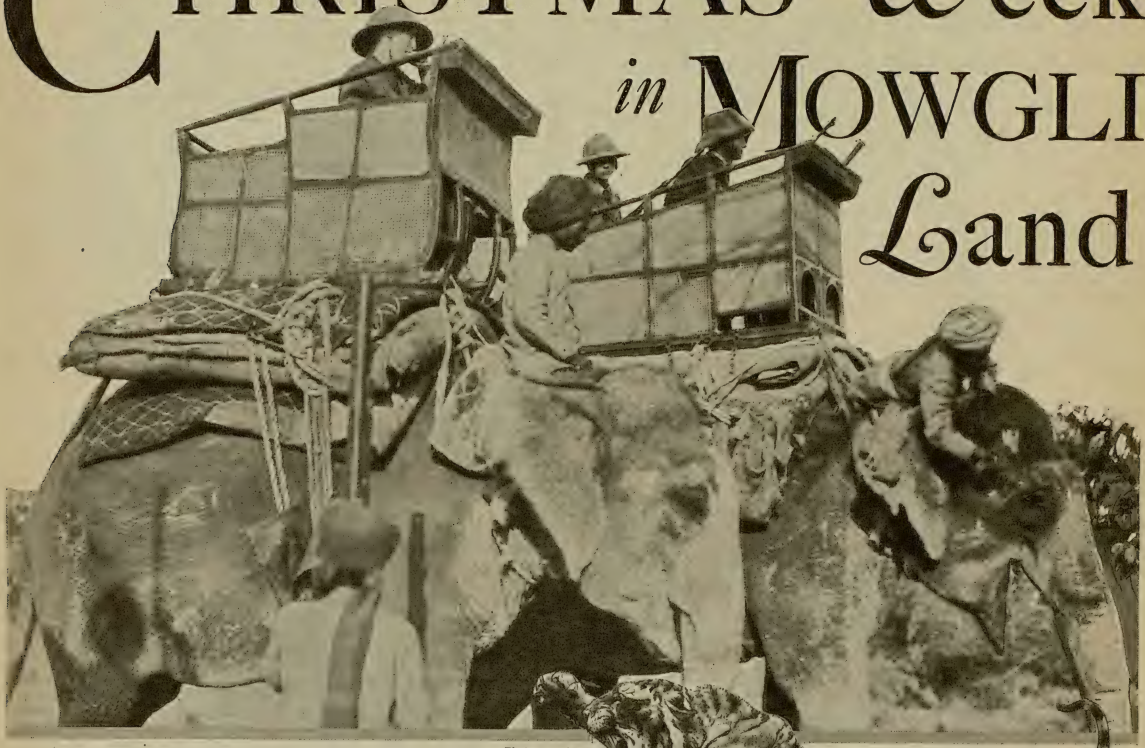
And we are specially proud to point out that a rich and costly allegory called The Pearl of Great Price, in which *Pilgrim*, the truth-seeking heroine, wore chastity around her throat in the form of a pear-shaped pearl and fought off all manner of thieves and tempters, beginning with a paunchy gent called *Idle Rich* and ending with a bedizened madam named *Shame*—we can point, I say, with pardonable pride to the fact that The Pearl of Great Price was rather a disastrous disappointment to its producers.

There is hope for any theater that still is generously kind to James M. Barrie and too wise to be lured to the more obvious attempts to slip thinly coated capsules of vice to the virtuous.

THE END

AUSTIN PARKER has written a thrilling romance of the tropics for you. It is called THE ACCIDENTAL KISS, and will be published in two installments, beginning next week. It is the story of a man who sought the dregs of life in the South Seas to make himself forget love, and of a girl he found there who made him remember.

CHRISTMAS Week in MOWGLI Land



THREE of the Roosevelts on a tiger hunt. Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt is on the nearest elephant, with Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt in the other howdah.

Photo copyright Wide World photos

Killing the Man-Eating Tiger In His Native Jungle

An Article by KERMIT ROOSEVELT

Picture by CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Kermit Roosevelt was a member of a party that spent almost a year in India and Tibet gathering zoological specimens for the Field Museum of Chicago. The others were Colonel Theodore, his brother; George K. Cherrie, naturalist and explorer; and Suydam Cutting.

Their chief prizes were eight head of *Ovis poli*, inhabitants of snow-covered ranges first discovered by Messer Marco Polo; but their bag also included eighty specimens of other large species, nearly 1,000 small animals, and innumerable birds, some very rare.

No white man previously had penetrated into some of the country they covered, and their collection has not been equaled by that of any other explorer. At the time of this writing the party is returning from the more arduous hunting, and Mrs. Eleanor and Belle Roosevelt, wives of Theodore and Kermit respectively, have joined the party. They are referred to simply as E and B.]

WE were eager to get for the Field Museum as representative a collection of Indian fauna as the limited time at our disposal would permit. Colonel Keene had offered to arrange a shoot in the Central Provinces. He had promised to accompany us, and we were sadly disappointed when he was forced to return to England earlier than he had planned, and turned us over to his friend Sir Henry Farrington, the head Forest Officer. There were two other forest officers on the hunt—Malcolm and Dickens—and also Major Maloney of the Indian Civil Service.

When traveling in India, you usually reach your destination between midnight and six in the morning; likewise, when you have to change trains, you generally arrive at the junction at 2 A. M. and get on your new train at four. It was no surprise, therefore, to learn that we would reach Balharshah at three in the morning; nor was the fact that we were roused at half-past one at Chanda, with word that the motor car that was to take us out to the hunting country had been held there.

Ted and I bustled out, planning to take the motor on to Balharshah. After wandering about town in a tonga for three-quarters of an hour, we discovered that our informant had been incorrect: the car had gone.

THERE are certain advantages in the habits of Indian railways: their train schedules call for so little in the way of speed that time may be made up anywhere—and if it isn't it doesn't really matter. So when we got back to the station we weren't really surprised to see the train placidly waiting.

At Balharshah we found the motor, a battered, wheezing Ford. We had also a truck, and into the two of them we piled ourselves, our servants, and our belongings. It was a lovely night, and we thoroughly enjoyed the seventy-mile run to the Allapilli Dak Bunga-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CHRISTMAS WEEK IN MOWGLI LAND] Continued from Page Thirty-three

low, whither the Farringtons had preceded us. Most of the way led through teak forests. It looked very promising for game, but we did not know that there had been a devastating drought in this district five years previously.

The game had perished in thousands. The man in charge of the sawmill at Allapilli described the troops of sambur and cheetal and nilgai that would swarm about the pond, which had all but dried up. He placed water troughs in the near-by jungle, and made his men fill them. It takes even a strictly preserved country a long time to recover from so sweeping a disaster, and the great Indian bison or gaur had been further decimated by a severe epidemic of rinderpest.

WE had only a limited number of days at our disposal, so we set to work to make the most of them. Mr. Prater, the head of the Bombay Natural History Society, arranged for his best collector, Baptista, to be with us. Baptista is a Goanese who started life as a cook, but gradually drifted into scientific work. He has collected mammals and birds through the greater part of India, as well as in Assam and Nepal.

We started on our daily program before daylight each morning. Ted and Ellsworth and I took three so-called shikaris and struck off in different directions into the jungle. Sometimes we would leave camp on foot and do our hunting close by. At other times we would drive off eight or ten miles in the car before separating.

These early morning stalks, although they netted us but little for the collection, were always a delight. You never knew what you might come across as you slipped through the underbrush to pause at the edge of some forest glade. The dewfall was heavy, and in half an hour you were drenched to the waist; but we wore shorts, so there were no soggy trousers to cling to our knees.

We undoubtedly would have done better in securing game had the natives not been so abysmally ignorant of shikar. I have hunted in most parts of the world, and I never have met people living in the heart of a game country who were so completely bereft of all knowledge of the haunts of the wild animals and their habits. They preferred wearing white, or brilliant red or green, and their one idea was to get through the jungle with all speed possible, glancing neither to the right nor to the left.

We did a certain amount toward convincing them of the error of their ways, but no one could make shikaris out of such material. The natives were cheerful and ready to change their ways, but hard to teach.

We struck only one native who by the wildest stretch of imagination could have been regarded as being of any help, except in finding the way back to camp. It fell to Ted's lot to call forth the most illuminating example of native mentality. He had seen three sambur, but before Ted could check them the deer were off. Relegating the native to the rear, Ted followed the sambur, for they had not been greatly frightened and were traveling slowly.

When he came to the broad, sandy bed of a dried watercourse, the bucks were standing on the far side. The distance was about 150 yards, but Ted saw how, by a comparatively simple stalk, he could reduce this by a third. Partly on all fours and partly stretched out flat, he had almost completed his stalk when the sambur bounded off. Ted was certain that they could not have seen him, and was unable to make out what could have frightened them, until, upon glancing back, he saw his shikari solemnly walking along, bolt upright, not ten yards in his rear.

I have mentioned one exception. He was an old fellow named Sheik Mira, and he, I think, really knew the country and had very distinct ideas on shikar. But, unfortunately, we had wasted much valuable time before we found him, and even then it meant that we each could have him only for a third of the time. He was unable to produce any assistant who was better than those we already had.

We never saw very much game, although we rarely came back without having had a fleeting glance at something; usually it was sambur, or a cheetal, or a barking deer. Once I had a glimpse of nilgai. I made a long shot at a cheetal and bagged it.

THESE spotted deer are lovely, graceful creatures, and this one was still in the velvet—not fully grown. They are very irregular in their seasons for shedding their horns, as are also the sambur. Sambur in some cases do not shed their antlers for several years.

We returned to camp each day at nine or ten, and then took the collecting guns and went off after birds for Baptista to prepare. There was a wealth of bird life, some of it very gorgeous. Probably the most brilliant was the big blue roller; but it had many rivals in the kingfishers, the graceful green bee-eater, and the snowy egrets. We could only hope to preserve two or three of each species, but it was some time before we exhausted the possibilities of the immediate neighborhood of the camp.

Meanwhile Baptista was busy with his trapping. He caught a badger, four jungle cats, many rats and mice, and two or three interesting shrews.

EACH night there were young buffaloes tied out at likely spots for tigers—sometimes close by, at other times as far away as twenty miles. If a tiger killed, news generally reached us by noonday.

The first drive we had was in a particularly dense bit of jungle three or four miles from camp. The machans, which were charpoys or native bedsteads, were lashed high up in the trees, for otherwise one could not see any distance. The trees swayed and bent in a precarious manner, and it was difficult to shift position even an inch. The beaters were well trained, and Sir Henry accompanied them on a pad elephant.

There were two or three other elephants in the line, and whenever there was an unusually thick spot the elephants went in and trampled down the undergrowth, pulling the giant lianas apart as if they were lengths of rotted string. One never tires of watching an elephant in the jungle: his movements seem so effortless, even when he is leveling some tall, strong tree. The tiger was not in the drive, but a large bear broke out through the right-wing stops, and a buck sambur dashed back through the beaters, knocking one of them down and cutting his head, though not seriously. A number of deer and two small cats were all that came through.

To a student of the Jungle Books the native nomenclature of the animals offered no difficulties; and we all felt at home chatting about Baloo, the bear, and the bandars that swung through the trees ahead of the beaters; even Ming the bat was among those present.

One noon, when Ted and Ellsworth were collecting small birds along a dry watercourse, they came on a red dog of the Deccan. These hunting dogs will clear a district of game in no time. They never relinquish a trail, and, fighting in concert as they do, there is nothing that can stand up to them.

I have been told by many hunters, who were in a position to know whereof they spoke, that red dogs will drive a tiger from his kill.

A friend of mine had an interesting experience with them. A native came into camp and told him that a pack of wild dogs had treed a leopard. He took his rifle and hurried off with his informant. Their path lay down a nullah, and they were not long in coming upon a dozen or more females and young dogs. These ran up the banks of the nullah, but didn't go far before they stopped and turned around.

They evidently were in no mood to leave. Fifty yards farther on, the natives pointed out the leop-

Kermit Roosevelt with native bearers.

ard crouching in a high tree, snarling and growling. Six or eight big male hunting dogs were grouped beneath the tree. Musters fired and killed the leopard. It had no sooner struck the ground than the dogs were upon it. My friend shot two of the dogs before they ran off.

When no kills were reported, we would go off and shoot ducks at one of the marshy ponds in the neighborhood. There were a great many ducks, but there were no blinds and often no canoes in the ponds—at most, there was never more than one leaking and dilapidated dugout. We scattered ourselves along the banks, and a native went out in the canoe to rouse the birds. We let drive as soon as they came into what the wildest stretch of imagination might call range. They flew high and fast, and it was good fun, although our bag never mounted up to much. We shot specimens of the other waterfowl to preserve for the museum.

Sometimes, instead of going after ducks, we went off stalking in the afternoon. One evening, just at dusk, Ted and I were walking back to a small village where we were to find the motor to take us back to Allapilli.

We had been out in opposite directions, but we struck the village almost simultaneously. As we started toward the car, we heard a hubbub of shouts and cries from the teak jungle beyond. Asking what the trouble was, a villager calmly remarked that a tiger had just killed a man and the shouting came from his companions. Followed by the shikaris, we set off at double pace in the direction of the noise. A few hundred yards on, we met a native who told us it was not a tiger, but a bear, that had killed the man. We were on a good jungle trail.

IT was almost dark when we saw something coming toward us through a patch of shadow. The shouting was still in full blast ahead of us, and we both made sure that this object was the aggressor. Just then it passed through the shadows, and we recognized an ox.

A hundred yards on, a bullock cart met us. It was being dragged by a team composed of a bullock and a man. The man was calling out wildly as he hurried on, while in the closed cart his womenfolk were screaming. On seeing us, the man dropped his yoke, and out piled the women on to the road.

It was some time before we could get any coherent story from them. When we did, we learned that, as they passed under a big rock a short distance back, a tiger had sprung upon the bullocks, one of which had freed itself in the struggle. It was the animal that we had seen, and that had escaped, only to fall a victim to our zeal and the fading light. The tiger evidently had lost its nerve in the excitement and had gone off without doing any harm.

Our first successful drive took place on the day after Christmas, at Chaptralla, the farthest location from camp at which ties were set out for bait. We had a twenty-mile run in the motors to get there, and then a four-mile walk through the jungle; so the beat did not begin until late. B and I shared a machan.

We were close beside the Wainganga, the river where the Seonee wolf pack had stemmed the invasion of the red dogs. The jungle was fairly open and from our stand we could see seventy-five yards ahead of us and perhaps fifty on each hand. The machan was fifteen or twenty feet from the ground.

It was not a difficult beat, nor a very long one. The beaters started three-quarters of a mile from where we were stationed. We had no more than got settled when we heard the shouting that told us the drive had begun.

There seems to be no rule as to when to expect a tiger. He may come through almost as soon as he hears the noise of the natives, or he may slip along just in front of them. This time we had not long to wait. Ten minutes after the first shout, I saw the striped form of our quarry strolling toward us, not sixty yards away. The sunlight filtered through the trees, so that it was difficult to distinguish him, and the closely growing tree trunks through which he came made him a poor target.

Two black bucks killed by the party.

A sample of the cheetal, or spotted deer.

I was eager for B to get the first shot, and if the tiger did not change his course another twenty yards would bring him out into an open glade. This, however, was not to be. For some not-to-be-determined reason, he swung off to our right. B was in the left of the machan. She tried to turn and follow the tiger with her rifle, but in doing so got entangled in one of the ropes supporting the stand.

The tiger was a glorious vision as he trotted along, with the sunlight glancing on his sleek hide and his powerful muscles rippling beneath his stripes.

B whispered to me to shoot; but I waited until he had almost disappeared before admitting that she could not get into position in time. My first shot was in good line, but high; it broke his back. My second shot took him square behind the shoulders. He lay on his side, roaring savagely, but unable to move from where he had fallen. At the sound of my shooting there fell a silence among the beaters; but soon they started forward again to finish the drive, on the chance of there being another tiger.

The occupants of the machan on our right were new at the game, and got so worried about the possible subsequent actions of the tiger that, in order to reassure them, I got down and went over to stand near him. I did not wish to shoot any more than necessary, for fear of turning back any other beast that possibly might be coming. The beaters did not see the tiger and me until they were thirty yards away.

At that moment the tiger coughed, and simultaneously the trees were filled with natives. They swarmed up into the branches with the speed of thought, looking for all the world like a band of black monkeys.

We made a litter, and on it the tiger was bound with withes. Four men in front and four behind, with another eight to change about with them, bore the tiger back to the village.

He was a fine fellow, measuring ten feet two inches from the tip of the tail to the head, following the curves. When we laid him down near the dak bungalow, some small boys came up and reverently made obeisance to him. They salaamed to the ground, touching their foreheads to the earth, and throwing handfuls of dust in the air.

We had one other successful drive. It was near where Ted and I had gone out to avenge the man who was supposed to have been killed by a tiger. The drive was along the bed of a ravine in which there were a few water holes. In such cases the tiger usually will come down the nullah. There were a number of islands in the stream bed, and on these some of the machans were placed. The other stands were on each bank, in case the tiger should decide to break out to one side.

These nullah drives are generally the easiest sort to handle successfully. You can place your stops a short distance out from each bank, and they can keep in easy touch with each other and fall in with the beaters as they come up.

IN this particular drive the tigress acted according to custom, and one of the stands in the ravine had the first shot. It was a miss, and she turned from the nullah toward Major Maloney's machan. He accounted for her with one bullet. She was a young tigress, very thin, and quite possibly was the one that attacked the oxcart to whose rescue we had gone.

B and E liked roaming around the jungle on an elephant; and if there were no *khubber* of a kill, when the rest of us went out on our afternoon stalk they would take one of Sir Henry's pad elephants and go off on a hunt of their own. In certain parts of India, such as northern Bengal, where the elephant exists in its wild state, it is possible to approach very close to game on an elephant, for the wild animals are not afraid. But here in the Central Provinces the big pachyderm was as much of an outlander as man. In consequence, B and E shot only a jackal.

There was no one but the mahout with them, and the retrieving of their quarry offered difficulties. Finally they got the elephant to kneel, and B slid off. Now, among its many peculiarities, the elephant numbers an intense dislike for dogs; so when B tried to hand the jackal up, the elephant objected strongly. She did not speak much Hindustanee, but was ready to use what she did, so she addressed the mahout:

"*Hathi ne munkta?*" (Doesn't the elephant want it?)

The mahout immediately came to the conclusion that they had shot the jackal—an action which to him had not been entirely comprehensible—with the idea that the animal would serve as supper for the elephant. He began a voluble and horrified explanation of the fact that his charge was not a carnivore, and anyway would not devour a dog.

All this was quite beyond the scope of B's Hindustanee vocabulary, and what with explanation and maneuverings, and the difficulties of climbing aboard the elephant, she and E felt that the bringing of that jackal into camp was as great a feat in the interests of science as any that had been accomplished by the expedition.

The natives around Allapilli were either Gonds or Murias, and one evening we arranged a Muria dance. A troop of forty or fifty men and women came in from outlying

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CHRISTMAS WEEK IN MOWGLI LAND Continued from Page Thirty-five]

districts as much as thirty miles away, in the heart of the jungle.

Malcolm acted as host, and got several barrels of palm wine and a lot of trade whisky, for these natives are heavy drinkers. They were a wild lot. Most of the men were small and slenderly built, although one or two were of fair size and sturdily put together. The women were young, and a number of them were almost good looking.

THE natives in this part of India are not the fine type that one meets on the northwest frontier. They are the villagers of the Jungle Books—a timorous, unintelligent lot, with little that is admirable about them.

The dance was a wild affair. The men formed one ring and the women the other. Hour after hour they capered and pranced, shouting and singing to the monotonous accompaniment of the thumping on small drums. Seen in the flickering light of a great bonfire, it was a strange and fantastic scene. The dancers kept this up until daylight.

Possibly the most common animal in India is the black buck. He is a handsome little fellow, with spiral horns that in a good male will average two feet in length. He likes the open country, and in some places you will see great herds of 400 or more. The females are tawny colored; but a well grown buck is very black, with a white saddle high up on his withers.

On the station platforms the greater part of stock in trade of the brass venders is apt to be figures of black bucks; and the same holds true among the ivory-carvers in the bazaars. In native pictures the black buck plays a prominent part, and his horns are put to many uses in making curios.

We wished to get a group of black buck and one of chinkara, the graceful Indian gazelle, so Ted and I left the rest at Allapilli, and went to Muttra, planning to rejoin the others at Lucknow on our way up to Nepal.

At Muttra we were the guests of Captain and Mrs. Chaworth Musters. Musters is a keen shikari and took us fifteen or twenty miles out of the town to an excellent bit of shooting country. The easiest method of shooting black buck is to get into a bullock cart and be driven about across the fields. The buck are so used to the sight of bullock carts that they are slow to take alarm and you can drive close to them before they are off.

Going after swamp deer.

It is more sport to stalk them on foot, and in the country where we were there was sufficient cover to make this feasible. We started off in different directions from a Hindu sacred lake that had been made by some pious maharajah. I had not gone far before I ran into black buck, and a short stalk brought me to within 150 yards. There were about twenty in the herd; one of them very good.

He was facing me, and did not offer an easy target, but it was one of the rare days when I really had on my shooting boots. The first shot knocked him over. As I went up to measure and skin him, several chinkara trotted out into the open, 175 yards off, and I knocked over one of those.

It was dusk when Ted came in with two black buck, although unfortunately neither was a female. Musters brought in a female chinkara, but he had used my Hoffman and the bullet had created havoc with the skin.

Both Ted and I were eager to try our hand at pigsticking, and at Muttra we found the chance, for the Tent Club was out in camp for its Christmas meet. There were eighteen men taking part—some of them from the Artillery stationed at Muttra; others from the Cavalry School near Jubbulpore, and a contingent from the Fourth Hussars at Lucknow. Among the last were Major Scott Cockburn, twice winner of the coveted Kadir Cup, and Captain Head, who was his runner-up.

Pigsticking has been carried on for more than a century in India, but the technique of the sport has undergone many radical changes. At present the usual procedure is somewhat as follows:

If there are sixteen men out they will be divided into four equal heats, with a captain appointed to each. The beaters are marshaled, varying in number in accordance with the nature of the country. At times there may be 150, at other times only fifty.

A heat is placed on each wing, well forward of the line, and the other two heats ride equally spaced from either side and slightly in advance of the line. As soon as a pig gets up, the heat in whose territory it is takes after it. Sows and young boars are not ridden. A big boar will stand close to three feet at the shoulder, and in recording a day's sport it is this measurement that is given.

PIGS are preserved just as are foxes. Upon the secretary of the Tent Club devolves this task. He must keep in touch with the farmers, and see that where pigs have been doing much damage among the crops the club shall undertake to thin their ranks. There is a caste in India known as Kandras. They are supposed to have a common ancestry with the gypsy. They rove around the countryside, following the trade of vagrant blacksmiths and horse copers, and it is they who are the worst enemies of the wild pig. With the help of the dogs, they bring them to bay and kill them by hurling spears at them. This calls for no little skill and courage, for the pig is anything but a mean antagonist.

In consequence, Tent Clubs generally take on a Kandra as a shikari; for not only does he know best the habits of the boar, but, on the basis of "set a thief to catch a thief," he is more competent in dealing with the poaching of his brothers.

During the World War this country around Muttra became denuded of pig, but in 1919 the Fourth Hussars were stationed here and Scott Cockburn and Head succeeded in building it up again.

Our two days were typical of the ordinary run of sport. I was in a heat stationed on the left flank. We had not been gone ten minutes before a sounder streamed past us—old sows and young ones, with no sizable boar in the lot. Next came a herd of nilgai, the big blue antelope of India, followed by a few black bucks, bounding high over thicket and ditch.

A shout to our left told us that one of the heats was off, and through the trees we could see the horsemen racing along, with only the riders' heads visible above the tall grass. A pig covers the country surprisingly rapidly. Often when you are coming up on him hand over hand and almost ready to try for a spear, he will "jink"—that is, make a sharp right-angle turn—and before your horse can pull up the boar will be lost.

A good pigsticking horse becomes as keen at the sport as is his rider, and is amazingly clever at getting over the most trappy country at breakneck speed. When I am in strange country, on a horse that is at home in it, I always put myself under the command of my mount and try to hamper him as little as possible.

This first run was unsuccessful. The grass was tall, and the boar had a long start. It was typical of many other bursts, each of them affording an exciting headlong chase. Ted's horse came down twice. Once it threw him into the middle of a thornbush, and he came up looking like a prize fighter at the end of a stiff battle.

It is extraordinary how quickly you take to the handling of a spear. There are two sorts—the long, which is seven feet in length, and the short, which is five. In the Muttra country they use the short. The head is heavy and very sharp. If you let go of it when striking at the pig, its weighted end causes it to rebound from the earth, and many have been the accidents therefrom. A boar once tore loose Head's spear, it bounded up and pierced his thigh, pinning him to his horse. The horse died in a few minutes.

The art of pigsticking can be acquired only by long practice, but natural aptitude counts for as much here as elsewhere. A good man across country is always a good man and soon adapts himself to the varying conditions.

THE honor of the chase falls to first spear; that is, the man who first draws blood; but there may be plenty of sport left for the other members of the heat in finishing off the wounded boar. A pig is a plucky animal and is capable of putting up a stout battle.

Neither Ted nor I succeeded in getting first spear, but we had some grand gallops and enjoyed our time to the full.

The shikari of the Muttra Tent Club is a Kandra named Chumra. His father held the post before him, and he is an adept at all that pertains to the game. C. H. Parr of the Canal Service, who is the secretary of the club, told us how Chumra could call up jackals, and took us out to the edge of town on the last evening of our stay to show us how it was done.

The ultimate prize. Natives carrying in the big man-eating tiger.

We concealed ourselves in an irrigation ditch, and Chumra started in calling. Sometimes clapping his hands to his mouth, at other times bowing his head to the ground, he howled and screamed, with the most fearsome facial contortions. We were too near him to get the full similitude; but the jackals recognized a friend, for they came loping up, two or three at a time, and didn't stop until they were within a dozen yards of us.

THE END

Billie BURKE *Laughs at a* Thousand *RIVALS*

The Inside Story of Broadway's Most Famous Love Affair

An Article by

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Billie Burke told in the preceding chapter of her memoirs how she gave up a $300,000-a-year movie contract and sure fame on the screen to hold the love of Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., creator of the Follies. Here she relates the charming love story of her father and mother and the events of her own childhood that prepared the way for fame on the stage. Miss Burke's father was William Ethelbert Burke, a famous circus clown, from whom she believes she inherited her dramatic talent.]

PART THREE

"TWO things contribute to my husband's happiness," Miss Burke went on: "His lifelong search for sheer beauty on the stage, and the perfect home I have tried to make for him.

"And he is a gambler—purely and unalterably a taker of chances. A success that leaves the critics and public breathless only inspires him to bet his money, his hopes, his convictions, that next year he will surpass this year's effort.

"Also, he is a gambler in the usually accepted meaning of the word. He would make a fine director for Lloyds, because he will bet on anything in the world. Luckily, he has sound judgment and considerable insight into the laws of probabilities—and a thorough knowledge of Broadway's devious habits—so he wins more often than he loses.

"His experiences with life and his own character keep my husband from being demonstrative. Sometimes I chide him for failing to kiss me.

"'Why, honey,' he protests, 'you know I love you. Why keep picking at you?'

"'I don't care what I know,' I answer. 'I want to be told you love me. Of course I don't want you mauling me around like any moon-struck boy. But I want you to kiss my eyes and nose. Some day you'll come home and find me dead, and then you'll be sorry. I want you to call me up once in a while and say you love me. It means a lot to me, Flo, when you kiss me. A kiss means a lot to any woman.'

"Then he laughs. 'Well, if it means a lot to any woman,' he'll say, 'maybe I'd better kiss them all.' After that he holds me in his arms and—that's all I ask of life."

Albert Davis Collection

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.

P. & A. photo

BILLIE BURKE and her blue-ribbon-winning pet—a young leopard.

A tumbling bank of pink-edged clouds had covered the lowering western sun. Billie Burke jumped to her feet, lighted a cigarette for me, and told me to come and see the grounds. We strolled about, looking at the baby leopard—once the Ziegfelds had seven deer, three buffalo, a little elephant, and several monkeys that John Ringling gave them; the magnificent swimming pool at the foot of a descending path; the immense copper beeches and oaks; the acres of vegetables and apple trees and grape arbors; the garage, with its Rolls Royces and Minervas and Chryslers; the astonishing little playhouse they built for Patricia, a replica of Mount Vernon, which Urban built for the Janice Meredith picture, and which Mr. Ziegfeld completed by adding the roof and back walls and fitting it with tiny period furniture; the hundreds of white and red Leghorns; and all the other luxurious appurtenances of this splendid estate. And as we strolled I asked her about other things. She talked freely.

"Yes, I have made a lot of money. Let's see—I suppose I have averaged $50,000 a year since I came from England with John Drew in 1907—more some years, when I went out on the road with a successful play for eight or nine months; some years less.

"I have been prudent. This place is my own; I bought it before I met Flo Ziegfeld; and I have burned all the mortgages on it. It has cost me a lot of money, originally and in the upkeep after the heavy expense of remolding it the way I wanted it.

"Many actresses have made enormous sums and died penniless. They play the stock market,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BILLIE BURKE LAUGHS AT A THOUSAND RIVALS
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

usually on a tip whispered by some friend in the Street; they invest foolishly in real estate; they purchase wildcat stocks in mines and oil fields; they spend huge sums on jewels and clothing and travel. And some have a boy friend. This last investment is a costly one—and you can't go to the bank and borrow very much on great memories, which are about all this investment brings.

"I have never been stingy with my money; I have had a marvelous time all my life. But I have been conservative and sensible. I am fairly well off, even if I never make another penny. I carry heavy insurance, and I think I have provided against every contingency. I run this place myself; employ and discharge all the servants; and do all the ordering of provisions, looking after the decorating, the linens, and all the other affairs of the household. Flo is spared every care—except that he pays the bills.

"WE have fourteen servants—a butler, a cook, and kitchen maid, a valet, a personal maid, my secretary, two housemaids, two chauffeurs and a helper, and three gardeners. Patricia has a governess. I give them all their orders. About the only thing I don't do in this family is to produce the annual Follies.

"And that is a gate beyond which I never walk. I would no more interfere with Flo in that realm than he would interfere with me in conducting our domestic affairs. I don't even go to his office—I never can tell when some wild, beautiful thing will leap into his arms and kiss him right in front of me! I don't know what I would do if one of them did. So I won't expose myself to the possibility of a scene.

"I think poise is the finest quality in all the world—except, possibly, good taste—so I keep away from Flo's world downtown.

"And just as I believe I have no business intruding myself into his particular domain, so I keep him outside certain secret chambers of my individuality. It is wise for every wife to do that; and it pleases me greatly to see him, curious and chafing, trying to penetrate those inner recesses. There are some things I am frantic to share with him, to tell him about, to reveal wholly to him; but it would be fatal. As long as I live, there will be one or two thresholds across which Flo Ziegfeld shall not step. At best, they are hard to describe to you, a man; but every woman who reads what you write will understand."

As John Drew's leading woman in My Wife—Miss Burke's American stage debut.

We came to a rustic bench encircling the bole of a giant elm. Billie Burke sat down, looked up whimsically, and asked me if there were anything else I wished to question her about. I suggested that the story of her life, even if she did not relate it in all its smaller details, would be of engrossing interest. She nodded, swinging her Leghorn hat by its pea-green ribbons, and began to sketch her career:

"I WAS blessed by having a marvelous father and mother," she began. "All the atmosphere of my early days was built on love; all my background was love; all my earliest recollections are of a loving, wonderful little family.

"My father was William Ethelbert Burke. He was born in 1848, into an old American family, in Youngstown, Ohio. That family was Baptist and intensely religious, with the fanaticism of an early frontier, where the pioneers had little mental exercise outside of prayer meetings, and a narrow introspection. His adult character—kindly, tolerant, generous—showed that even as a boy he must have been wholly out of place in that orthodox community.

"At any rate, he ran away from home when he was sixteen years old and joined Barnum & Bailey's Circus. Mr. Bailey, who was as red-headed as young Burke, became the lad's best friend and gave him a job as a clown.

"I think he must have been a fine clown. He had a splendid mind, was soon familiar with Shakespeare, and used the immortal poet's most popular lines to entertain the spectators, gesturing and parodying and keeping the crowd convulsed with laughter.

"My father also became famous as a singing clown. He sang all the favorite songs of the period in a fine barytone voice; and he had the sheet-music concession of the circus. He was a successful performer, and he kept Mr. Bailey's loyal friendship until the day the great circus man died.

"In 1883 my father met the woman he was destined to marry. The circus was playing Cincinnati, where the thirty-five-year-old clown had many friends among the newspaper men. At a party they gave one night, he was introduced to a beautiful young widow, a Mrs. Blanche Hodkinson. Then living in New Orleans, she originally came from Marietta, Ohio, where her family, the Floods, had been identified with the old Western Reserve as long as the Burkes.

"Mrs. Hodkinson, who was visiting relatives in Cincinnati at the time, was the mother of four children—George, then about eighteen years old, Blanche, Florence, and Grace. Today George is vice-president of a water-filter concern in Philadelphia; Florence is dead; and the other two sisters are married and living in New York.

An early photograph of Miss Burke, before Broadway knew her.

"I think it was a case of love at sight with William Ethelbert Burke and Blanche Hodkinson. When the circus reached New Orleans, whither the beautiful widow had returned, Burke spent all his time in her company. They were married early in 1884, and a little girl was born to them the following year. She lived only a few months. On August 7, 1886, I was born in a little house on K Street in Washington, D. C.

"They named me Ethelbert Burke; and because I was red-headed Mr. Bailey tried to steal me from my parents! It was he who gave me the name of Billie Burke. He called my father Bill—and he said I was a fat miniature of the popular, red-headed clown. Mr. Bailey was one of the great friends of my life, one of the finest influences that helped to mold my baby years.

"My father continued with Barnum & Bailey's until 1890. He would never permit my mother and me to travel with the circus; but we would go ahead and wait for him in towns where they played for a week or more. I remember dimly a couple of rooms we occupied every summer in Chicago; a hotel we always stopped at in Denver; a little house we occupied during the winter in New York City; and one or two places in other towns.

"But one thing has not become vague in the outline-erasing mist of the years—the wonderful aura of love that surrounded us three.

"My father idolized my beautiful, brilliant mother; and she lived only for him and her little family.

"I recall those carefree days with happiness that is almost grief—little suppers in our room after the night performance, my father holding me in his arms and humming old airs while my mother prepared the meal.

"Often Mr. Bailey would come running up the stairs, burst into the room, toss a paper bag of oranges to my mother, grab me off my father's knee, throw me high into the air, and snuggle me down against his flaming beard.

"MY father retired from the circus when I was about four years old. I think it was absorbed by the Ringling Brothers; but I am not sure. We returned to the little home in New York City, and my father sailed to England. In less than a year he was a tremendous hit on the vaudeville circuits in the music halls. Just as soon as he was convinced that his triumphs would continue, he sent for us.

"Up to this time, and for a year or so after we settled in London, my mother had taught me my lessons. When I was eight years old she put me in a day school in the metropolis, and traveled around the Continent with my father and his little troupe.

"By the time I was eleven, in 1897, I was sent to a school conducted by the Misses Bailey, a private institution in Ramsgate attended only by wealthy girls. There was a branch of this school in London, and I went there after a few years. While I was there I met a young woman whose influence had as much as anything else to do with turning me to the stage.

"Her name was Louise Douste, and she and her sister Jeanne taught singing and piano in a London studio.

"My mother had always planned a life in the theater for me. I think my father ob-

jected, but he let her have her way in rearing me. I know he had implicit confidence in her judgment. And I know he was not one of those men who wait until death removes a friend to write a praising epitaph. He was never a laggard about saying kindly things where homage was due. I remember one night at home, after I had sung a little song I had learned at school and had gone to bed, I heard him say to my mother:

"'Blanche darling, never hesitate to praise Billie if she deserves it. If you think she is pretty, tell her so. If you like her song, tell her it was very sweet. We must let her know we love and admire her by saying so frankly. So many children are starving for a little compliment. I think it very cruel to withhold it from them. If they have been properly reared otherwise, they will not lose their balance.'

"This is a very precious memory, one that perhaps others may have missed. I know that Flo and I are generous, although we are never lavish, in our expressions to Patricia. And of course you have seen that she is a darling little girl and not at all spoiled.

"I have often thought that real love is the most priceless thing God has given us—the opportunity to love someone and let the loved one know. Death is terrifying only when none is about us who really cares for us.

"I think Valentino's last hour was particularly sad. There he lay, without a single human being to hold his hand, no man or woman to close his eyes. He had attained a high measure of worldly success and vast adulation; yet probably nobody on earth really loved him, and he died, at the peak of his fame, alone and friendless.

"THE little wife who can never possibly know what fame is, who is destined to pass all her days in obscurity, whose departure from this world will not even cause a ripple on the surface of human events—if she is truly loved and has made a success of her little job of being a good wife, she is far more to be envied and a far greater and finer character than the most celebrated actress or society woman in the world who has failed to play the game, who has not made good in her job of making some man happy, who has never inspired genuine love in a human heart.

"Louise Douste not only trained my voice, but she taught me dramatics. She seemed tremendously enthusiastic about my possibilities, and I was always prominent in the plays and concerts at the Misses Bailey's school.

"When I had finished the curriculum there, we had a long talk at home about my future.

"My father, still dubious about permitting his beloved daughter to venture into the world behind the footlights, listened silently to my mother's arguments and to mine, and finally consented.

"So in 1901, when I was fifteen years old, I went down to London to meet life. Mother took me to see several producers and managers, identifying me as Bill Burke's daughter and showing them a letter of introduction from the sisters Douste.

"At last I obtained a place. I was Sleeping Beauty in a pantomime played in Sheffield in the winter of 1901. I had no opportunity to use my voice, which had been splendidly trained, or to speak any lines. All I did was look as beautiful as I could and convey the story to the audience with gestures and facial expressions.

"I must have succeeded—although I was somewhat disappointed, since I thought my future lay in musical comedy—because Leslie Stuart, the celebrated composer, engaged me for a minor part in The School Girl, in which Edna May was to star.

"My role was an inconspicuous one, but even so I must have impressed Stuart considerably, because he never let Edna May know exactly what I was to do, or let her hear me sing my one song, which was entitled My Little Canoe.

"Whatever the reason for his secrecy, I was the hit of the show. At least, the critics and the audience said so. We opened in the Pavilion Theater in London early in the autumn of 1902, and the play was a success.

"Like Byron, I awoke to find myself famous, the dramatic reporters thumbing their book of synonyms in search of adjectives to praise me. Edna May gave me a peculiar look when I had finished, and walked behind the scenes, because she knew what I had achieved. But she was a fine woman and a splendid actress, and she became my friend.

"BUT I made one discovery—I realized I had no voice. Oh, to be sure, everybody liked my song; but I have made it a practice all my life not to overvalue my assets. I think I am quite detached in appraising myself—and, since I believe so, I have never hesitated to emphasize my really good points and to realize on them as handsomely as I could. I have no illusions about myself whatsoever; but, likewise, I have no false modesty about my looks and my talents.

"Impersonally analyzing my future, I came to the conclusion that my ambition to be a great figure on the stage must be realized in other fields. I don't think, though, that I was genuinely ambitious.

"I mean, I was only a young girl, and it is possible that ordinary success was all I expected or sought. It was not until years later that there welled up within me the real, overpowering dream of becoming, if possible, the greatest actress of all time. I'll tell you about that presently.

"Although I was firmly persuaded that I must forget my singing and hunt another path to the heights, I continued to appear for a few years in musical comedy. I played in The Duchess of Dantzic, The Blue Moon, and The Belle of Mayfair. All of them were successes, and in each the critics treated me nicely.

"By 1907, when I had reached the age of twenty-one, I decided that I had learned enough about the mechanics of stagecraft and the atmosphere behind the curtain to warrant my hunting a dramatic engagement. I had not changed my mind about singing. I knew I would never make a great singer; so why waste time trying?

Mrs. Blanche Beatty Burke, Miss Burke's mother.

Albert Davis Collection

William Ethelbert Burke, Miss Burke's father: from an old circus poster.

"George Edwards, London partner of the great C. F.—Charles Frohman—gave me my first chance at a straight part. He hired me to play opposite Charles Hawtrey in Mr. George.

"This was a colonial costume play and revolved around the incident of the Boston Tea Party. The play was a failure, although Hawtrey was a fine actor, and in spite of the fact that in my first appearance as a leading woman the critics were unanimous in repeating the encomiums that greeted my first little song five years before.

"It was during rehearsals for this play that one of the truly great moments of my life came. I made a favorable impression on C. F. I want, if you don't mind, to interrupt my brief story here long enough to pay a tribute to Frohman.

"I think Charles Frohman was the greatest producer of all time. What a giant he was! He was the Napoleon of all directors. There was nothing little about him; he was incapable of a mean thought or an unkind act.

"How he loved the cleaner, finer things in life, the decent things of the stage! I am almost glad he died at the bottom of the Irish Sea, where the German torpedo sent the Lusitania he was traveling on. I know how distressed he would have been by the dreadful things that are presented now. The cheap stage of today would have sickened him.

"C. F. never would have degraded his clean, sweet soul by producing the so-called sex drama, which is all sexual and little drama, no matter how great the financial profit might have been. He loved the plays of Haddon Chambers, of Herbert Henry Davis, of Sutro, of Pinero. Anything that was honest, and decent, and clean, and clever delighted him beyond words.

"And since his great soul passed on, what a wandering, unhappy, aimless flock of sheep have we been who were once his pride and joy—Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, Maude Adams, Doris Keane, Julia Sanderson, Otis Skinner, and Billie Burke! What has any of us done worth while since his firm, understanding, honest, unsullied heart ceased to beat?

"When Mr. George failed, C. F. offered me a role that left me dazed with pleasure—leading woman for John Drew. Hawtrey tried frantically to keep me in England, offering me immense wages and my choice of any engagement. But I had promised Frohman to play *Trixie* in My Wife, the play in which Drew was to appear.

"MOTHER and I sailed for New York City late in July of 1907. The thrill I experienced on returning to my own country after nearly nineteen years in England was surpassed only by the tremendous emotions I felt on entering the Empire Theater on Broadway for the first rehearsal early in August. I remember I wore a little checked lavender silk dress, with lilacs on my hat. C. F. called me into his office and introduced me to that marvelous woman, Ethel Barrymore.

"How kind she was to me! She gathered me into her arms, helped me compose myself, and then took me back on the stage to be introduced to Uncle Jack, as everybody on Broadway calls John Drew. He too was charming to me. After a couple of his famous ahems! and a long, searching look, he nodded his head and we began the rehearsal.

"I do not think I was afraid, either during rehearsals or on the night I made my American bow, about the first of October. I was too young and self-confident to be timid. I was a few months past my twenty-first birthday, and I had not yet suffered stage fright.

"The play was an immediate and overwhelming success. Even now I look back with pride and pleasure to the notices I received nineteen years ago. It was an epochal hour in a young girl's life—the homage paid me, the tributes to my talent, my beauty, my possibilities. The whole world lay at my feet."

In the next installment of her enthralling story, Miss Burke tells of her brilliant stage successes, her numerous proposals, including a persistent one from the great Caruso, and of her first meeting with Flo Ziegfeld. Don't miss it in next week's LIBERTY.

The Nicest CHRISTMAS in the World

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story *for* Children

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

So Christmas morning started with a dog fight.

THERE was a notable snow man in the yard. He was the only being Daffy ever barked at. He had on, raked extremely, Uncle Bunkle's Buttonwood straw hat.

Uncle Bunkle himself was somewhat startled when he first met him. But they shook hands politely enough, Uncle Bunkle and the snow man.

The children had helped Carlotta and the furnace man to bring the tree upstairs into the living-room so that St. Nicholas shouldn't have too much trouble. That is, *they* said they were helping. Carlotta said that if they didn't take themselves off and get out of the way she didn't believe that she and the furnace man would *ever* get the tree in place.

The furnace man said nothing. He is a good-natured man with eleven children of his own.

Hanging the stockings took some time, but at last it was done.

"You don't sink, do you," asked Greg, with an anxious glance at the fire as it sputtered and spat when a flurry of snow blew down the chimney—"you don't sink Santa Claus will get burned coming down?"

"You won't put any more wood on the fire, Uncle Bunkle, after we are in bed, will you?" pleaded Emmy.

Uncle Bunkle promised, and crossed his heart, that the fire should be almost out before midnight. Then they all three scuttled to bed like rabbits popping into their holes. Not a sound out of 'em! Uncle Bunkle was afraid they must be dead or something, so we tiptoed in to be sure they were all right.

Emmy lay with Betty on one side and Betty's brother on the other. Greg had one arm thrown around Penguin. And Nicky and Teddy-Bah were so wrapped together that you could hardly tell one from the other. Teddy-Bah's round red eyes were staring into space; but all the rest of them were sleeping as if their lives depended on not waking until daybreak.

OF course, they couldn't be expected to read—the dogs—and we should have remembered this. But we never thought, when we tied up soup bones in tissue paper and colored ribbons, that the names on the cards wouldn't mean anything to them. So Christmas morning started with a dog fight.

Daffy didn't fight. Oh, no! Daffy couldn't fight, no matter what happened. But Domar and Pompey had a grand row.

And all this time the children were crazy to see their things. Even a dog fight in the living-room couldn't distract them. Nicky was the only one who had eyes for anything but the piles of presents.

"Oh, but the tree, Mummy, the tree! It's delicious!" he breathed. "It's the best tree we ever had."

BUT Emmy and Greg were on their knees exclaiming:

"Oh, what a 'dorable little doll!"

"Nicky, come quick and get your roller skates! I have some, too."

"Uncle Bunkle, see my pile of books!"

"Mumsy, it's the nicest Christmas in the world!"

Finally everything was sorted out and tested. Emmy's presents were foolish enough to make her perfectly happy. Not a "sensible" thing among 'em, unless you call a tiny doll with skirts puffed out to hide a thimble sensible—I don't. And neither did Emmy. Everybody else seemed happy, too.

Carlotta gave us a dinner fit for giants, and after it we were sitting around, Uncle Bunkle and Tony and I, with that dreadful Christmas afternoon feeling, when the most startling thing happened.

Everything had been very quiet. We had read until the light began to fail. While we sat in the dimness, with the fire making shadow dances on the wall, the door opened and a procession of three came slowly in. Each of them carried a candle.

The first had on a rakish felt hat with a plume. A piece of silver ribbon belted a velvet coat that covered the top of a pair of hip boots. Puffs of *white* hair were tied in the back with a little black ribbon, and a silver paper-knife was thrust into the belt like a dagger.

The second wore a drooping garden hat over billows of white curls that fell over his shoulders—for it was Nicky, though you wouldn't have known him. A black taffeta gown was quaintly draped around him.

The third was small. That's how I recognized Greg. A purple corduroy kimono was wrapped about him. A close purple velvet hat held white curls around his face. Surely the candlelight must have been very flattering, for three lovelier family portraits couldn't have come down from any wall.

But what—and where—and *why?* Had their hair *turned* white? I was completely mystified, while Tony and Uncle Bunkle stared at me for an explanation. But Emmy, her voice sounding oddly familiar from her dashing make-up, had to tell us:

"We found it in your cedar chest, Mumsy. Isn't it all right?"

"YOU don't sink, do you," asked Greg, "Santa Claus will get burned coming down?"

Of course, that was it! Great-aunt Diana's white hair. Gran had put it in my cedar chest for safe-keeping. Well, the only thing to regret about it was that Great-aunt Diana wasn't there to see them!

You'll enjoy reading about the exciting adventure Emmy, Nicky, and Greg had on New Year's Day. It's described in next week's LIBERTY.

HONKERS of the Dawn

NOTHING in the world gives you quite the kick that the canvasback does.

Pictures by THE AUTHOR

A Veteran of the Big Push Describes a Battle with the Wild Duck Escadrille

An Article by

Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., U.S.M.C.

UNDER a December sky that spat gusts of snow at us, we sped across New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, and saw a cold winter sun withdraw into cold red clouds beyond the flats that girdle Havre de Grace. The affair was canvasbacks.

Undoubtedly all duck hunters are a little crazy. You do clear and incisive thinking along these lines between two and three of the clock on such mornings as the next one was. The devil! Your teeth chatter like castanets, and three suits of firemen's underwear are all too scant. Yet hot coffee and a sufficiency of eggs restore morale. We went out high-heartedly into a northwest wind like a skinning-knife, under remote, white, brittle stars.

We lighted valorous tobacco, and jolted over long frozen roads, and came at length to Dimon Creek and our boat, a mile and a half above Thorny Point, where the outfit was.

It was colder than ever Maryland was meant to be. The stars were gone, and the world was steel blue and frigid, and the clamant talk of all the geese in the world came up the creek from the coves below us. The tide had gone away from there under the whip of the northwest wind, and what water there was lay under an inch of ice. What we needed was the ice-breaker Ermack of the late Czar's imperial navy, and we didn't have it.

We detoured five miles in our suffering car to a clump of trees behind Thorny, and wallowed a thousand yards across a frozen marsh to the place where we would be. We put up some hundreds of geese and black duck who had spent the night in the lee of the point, the warmth of their bodies and the mass of them keeping open a long strip of shallow water. The ice took this while we watched the dark files of them diminish down the sky, and that was that.

We labored across the marsh with all the duck we wanted to carry.

Sienna-colored sedge, matted into heaps, offered shelter from the gibing wind. We sat down and considered, and being military men we mentioned the travail of the Grande Armee in the Russian Campaign; those hot and valiant Frenchmen, much-enduring fellows. The sun, pale and disapproving, showed his face through a scud of high-flying clouds, light but no heat. And duck, marsh duck and sea duck, flailed off the bay by the nor'wester, came multitudinously up the creek in search of open water. They came, flying high, by platoon and battalion. They looked, and they went out again.

THERE was among us a sturdy son of Barnegat, where it would appear men grow very hard. Much wadded he was about the body, with sheepskin wraps and jerkins of leather, and stupendous sea boots.

He smote his hands together and said we'd break the ice. He said this after a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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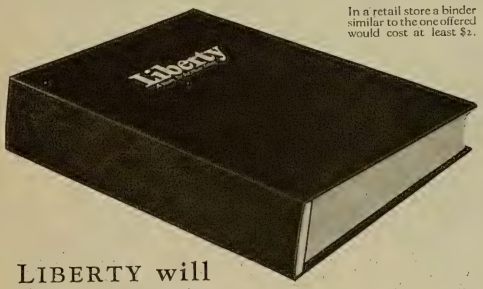
A Weekly for the Whole Family



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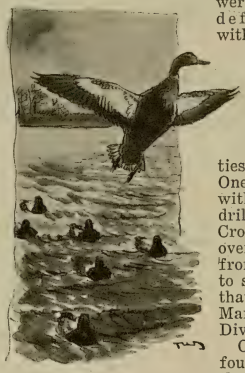
[HONKERS OF THE DAWN Continued from Page Forty-one]

flock of canvasbacks looked searchingly at the point and alighted in a lean strip of open water, a crack in the tideway, well out. And we broke ice.

They keep a duck boat on Thorny, and we went out, two of us, the other doing physical drill alone on the Point to keep warm, and we broke ice. Until mid-afternoon we drove the boat backward and forward with infinite labor. A puny little tide, measured on a shell up-ended in the mud, came feebly in and helped.

After there was a little open water, the wind helped too. Finally there was space for a hundred decoys, somewhat crowded, but not too close to the beach and not too badly set for the wind.

While we breathed in some triumph, the air spoke overhead, and a mallard and a black duck tacked into the stool. We killed them. In two shots. One does not work that hard for a shot to miss it.



A MALLARD is not, comparatively, an alert duck. This fellow had his head down and his wings out to brake himself, and he never knew what hit him. But the old red-legged black duck, following against his better judgment, I am sure, had a bright eye for the wind-reddened faces in the sedge, and knew one frantic straining second of effort before the fours cut him down. One remembers little pictures.

The bit of open water, full of canvasback decoys, was attractive. There was a flock of sprigs, with a pair of black duck trailing, and more mallards, and a string of gadwall, and single black ducks now and then. They were not alighting, but they dipped in for a look, and when they had their look they were in danger.

For forty minutes or so we had shooting, and it is gratifying to recall that we shot effectively and with earnestness. We even delivered a salvo when a compact group of fishermen — trim big mergansers—swung by; and this was pure waste, for one does not take fishermen in canvasback waters.

And I am glad the great trumpeter swans that fanned down the wind like a file of noisy archangels, stretching their long necks curiously at the stool, kept out of reach. I would deplore the blood of a swan on my hands, but under the circumstances — my frozen brethren of the blind will understand.

Presently it was dark, and picking up decoys was a weary work that took all the feeling out of your fingers and coated you with ice. We labored back across the marsh with all the duck we wanted to carry. No canvasbacks—but tomorrow was another day.

In this country they call a good day a hundred canvasbacks. We never had that good a day, but we did kill canvasbacks.

There was ice the next morning, and we had black duck and sprig. The third day we rode down the creek through much ice, and the weather at thirty degrees seemed balmy after what we had endured. We had the decoys out by sunup.

For a while the prospect was excellent. There was a little wind, and the ducks thronged up the creek—marsh ducks innumerable, and, in smaller flocks and higher, canvasbacks. Most of them lowered to us, and presently there were canvasbacks in the blind. Then the wind died, and the sun developed a kindly warmth on one's back, and it was, as they say on Currituck, this goddam bluebird weather. No good for shooting.

The duck rafted by the acre, far out, and those flying were flying high to definite objectives, with no eye for decoys. But it was pleasant to lie in the sun and loaf at ease, and tell long stories of this war or that one. Little peculiarities of the French. One of us had been with a French escadrille, and had his Cross and his wound over Soissons fight, from going too low to spot machine guns that were holding up Marines of the Second Division.

Odd tales, doubtless founded on fact, of the old Boche. One of us had been with those same Marines, and one with the field artillery, and saw lots of the old Boche. And stories like this: "Guess you birds have heard this one, but once there was a Jew lady that had a nigger cook, and she—" Then a sociable black duck would come in and usually stop for good.

THERE were a lot of black ducks. They went out in the morning with the geese, and all day they filtered back, twos and threes and singles, trading up the little creeks that twist out of the marsh. Low tide leaves a thread of water in a wide belt of black mud, rich with celery roots, and the black duck dabbles there for food. A little creek made in above our point, and one below it, and we had many chances.

We took all three species of the black duck: the big red-legged chap—we saw more of him and got fewer shots at him; the smaller, browner Florida duck; and the mottled duck, with dusty orange feet. The last two are year-round residents of the Chesapeake. They are all good ducks, and the natives rate them the highest of the "trash" ducks. They relate of one veteran of the points in battery with a youngster:

The latter grew restive when two red-legged blacks swung temptingly in, and showed signs of going into action. "Aw, let them crows go by," said the ancient. "Let's wait for some *real* ducks!"

This day there was a flock of redheads. They came low and swift as a flat-trajectory shell, and darted—there is no other word—at the decoys. Your redhead comes on in a line; he alights at short notice, and, when he turns in, you get an enfilade shot, like Browning a battalion that is changing direction at close-order drill.

We shot literal holes in the mass of that flock. We picked up a lot of redheads.

The next morning we laid a plot against the geese that we put up each morning from the cove behind the point, but untoward events foiled us, and the geese got out sooner than was their custom. Geese in these waters are much afflicted by night shooting—"goosin'," the natives say.

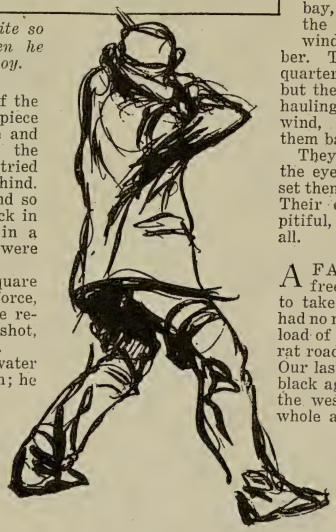
THE wise Maryland laws provide that there shall be no shooting after the sun sets, until half an hour before it rises, and the geese, keeping to the wide reaches of the bay when the weather permits, come in after dark to feed. Then they will stay inland until they are put up in the morning. A five-mile line of gray honkers going out to salt water after dawn, with the vanguard over the skyline and the rear still coming out of the marsh, is, by the way, a sight to take home with you.

One disaffected and unscrupulous fellow, low enough and saurian enough to lie up in a cove with a ten-gauge shotgun until after midnight, when the great birds swim ashore a thousand or so at a time, giving a target in the starlight that looms like a cornfield—such an animal can kill a sinful lot of geese, and spoil that neighborhood for honest men for the rest of the season.

Our last day brought us to canvasbacks. We woke to a northwest wind, with a spit of sleet riding level on it, and we found the creek freezing at the edges when we put out. We set the decoys in bleak darkness, the oars all sheathed in ice. We had three geese out of a line that veered across the point in the pallor of dawn, and one of us was out after a drifting gander, deceased, when the air whined remarkably over us and fifty canvasback made a cast at the stool. Their speed was too great for them to make it, but they tacked and tried again, lower this time and close in.

Now, one can think of nothing quite so fast as a canvasback when he stoops from height to decoy. There was light enough to make out the hard blacks and the whites of the drakes, and this scribe threw his piece a long way ahead of such a one and loosed. Away behind him, in the brown, a duck spattered down. I tried for him again, and shot yards behind. But the Barnegat gut got one and so did the other. We had canvasback in the water, and retrieved them in a thirty-mile wind. Presently there were more.

ONE can think of nothing quite so fast as a canvasback when he stoops from height to decoy.



The wind blew great guns square across the point; the decoys, perforce, were lined ahead with it, and the resulting shot was a straight cross shot, with no quartering angle possible.

A canvasback wants open water ahead of him when he drives down; he will not decoy toward the bank. And there is no harder shooting anywhere. He comes at a speed of 120 miles at least, and the wind complicates matters. He comes like a descending shell; he flares over the decoys, and you shoot. It is a matter of split seconds.

A man cannot get into a blind and kill canvasback right off. He must know how to shoot. And then he must know how to shoot canvasback. The only way to acquire this craft is to shoot canvasback.

Long work and hard work, but nothing in the world gives you quite the kick that the canvasback does.

He is a sightly fellow, the canvasback. He has the bill and head of an aristocrat. His neck is balanced and strong, and from his broad breast his body tumbles away to his tiny inadequate tail—every line a streamline, designed for speed. His wings are set well forward, and are short and powerful. His line of flight is direct and even, raising or lowering not at all. He never troubles to climb out of gunshot—he shifts into high and goes away. He will decoy to nothing but canvasback decoys, and they must be exactly right, or he smokes the cheat and passes wide. He does not land too close, and when the falling tide leaves a strip of mud between sedge and water he does not come in.

No duck is of warier habit. Yet the natives tell of days when the canvasbacks start to come in, and will not be kept out of the stool; when they will decoy to anything, set anywhere, wind or tide regardless. But this one has always arrived at such places about a week after those days. He has killed his canvasbacks in many waters, but he has worked hard for his kill and found the fellow difficult, wary, and worthy of all esteem and respect everywhere.

This day there were widgeon, elegant fowl, with the canvasback. The tinkling, far-carrying cry of them was a pretty hearing in the waste of marsh and sky. They decoyed beautifully, and it was easy shooting by comparison. We shivered and we killed ducks. In the afternoon the geese, abandoning the inhospitalities of the stormy bay, began to beat up the creek against the wind. Three I remember. They saw us as they quartered by, safely out; but they made the error of hauling square into the wind, and the wind set them back.

They tacked again, into the eye of it, and again it set them down, fairly on us. Their distress was rather pitiful, and we killed them all.

A FALLING tide and freezing creek drove us to take up early, since we had no mind to tote a horse-load of fowl over the muskrat road through the marsh. Our last sight of the point, black against the copper of the west, was impeded by whole army corps of geese dropping from the icy heavens and rafting in long dark formations on the water.

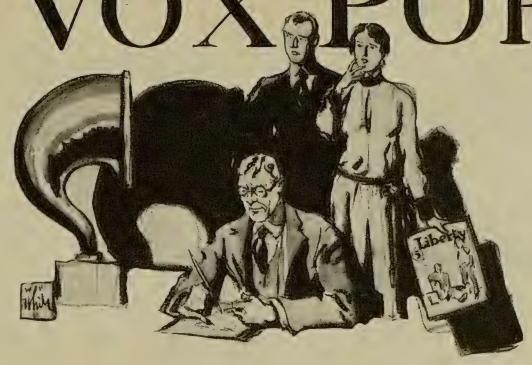
So we sped back across Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, well content. And canvasback—twenty minutes in a hot oven, the hottest possible, with a strip or two of bacon on his bosom. Then he is all but charred outside, and of noble savor. Inside, all the juice is assured, and all the flavor that raises him to the patent of high nobility, and the essence of him follows the knife. I like a little potato stuffing in him; some purists do not.

After all, the main thing is the canvasback.

THE END

YOU have doubtless read many fascinating stories of the Secret Service and other great detective organizations. But there is another such organization, greater by far than any of these—one that employs thousands of agents and penetrates into the innermost secrets of the lives of almost everybody. It is the vast espionage system that the life insurance companies employ. Read about it in Betting Millions on Morals, written by Florabel Muir for next week's LIBERTY.

Vox Pop



From "P. G."

MY DEAR MR. FLAGG: I notice that several persons have written to LIBERTY to criticize the pictures you drew for The Small Bachelor. I think your illustrations are absolutely perfect. I can't think of anyone else who could have hit off the characters so perfectly—especially *Beamish*, who is just as I had pictured him, down to the last wrinkle.

Do you know that our collaboration is the renewal of a very old partnership? You illustrated the very first story I ever had printed in America, 'way back in 1909. It was about a butler who marooned a man and a girl on an island in a lake, and appeared in the *Cosmopolitan*.

With best wishes,
Yours ever,
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

A Friend!

DETROIT, MICH.—I wish to compliment you on your choice of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse as a serial writer for your wonderful magazine. I think his story, The Small Bachelor, is the only serial I ever cottoned to. —*George Manley.*

Sorry War Birds is Ended

MEXIA, TEXAS.—"War Birds Is Ended." This line, in LIBERTY, beginning the announcement of a new series of exploits of American airmen during the war, affected the writer with the same sort of feeling that the announcement of the death of some idealized national figure—such as Roosevelt—affected me: sorrowful and regretful, yet with exultant pride that America—Our Own Country—is blest with such a wonderful heritage.—*J. H. Bucklur.*

Just Read This!

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I, like every other War Bird, have been besieged by the layman who is reading this diary to know if any or all of it is true.

It might be my own diary—it might have been any War Bird's diary. I knew those boys—drank with them, flew with them, fought with them, and lay for months in the hospitals with them.—*J. C. Wilson, Jr., Late Lt. 205 Sqd., D. F. C., R. A. F.*

Sorry We Can't Oblige

MONTREAL, CAN.—As three former R. F. C. pilots, we are writing to tell you of the powerful appeal made by your series of articles entitled War Birds.

Furthermore, it has struck us that with all the letters which you must have received from old R. F. C. pilots and from American pilots who were associated with them, you could do a great deal toward putting many of these men who have lost track of each other into communication again.

Would it not be possible for you to publish the names and addresses of those who have written in to you, in the hope that others, seeing them, may recognize former associates and so be able to get in touch with them? —*James Valentine, Jack McKee, Ralph O. Babbitt.*

A Legionnaire Speaks

GREENWICH, CONN.—I have read your editorial entitled Mr. Savage's "Sacred Pilgrimage," and am absolutely dumfounded that a magazine which boasts of being a national weekly, prides itself on its patriotism, and carries on its masthead a quotation from Stephen Decatur, should bring out such an uncalled-for editorial.

I have talked with a number of Legionnaires who are going to France. Nearly every one of these who is married is taking his wife. These ex-service men are not looking for an alibi to make a "sacred pilgrimage" to seek blondes or brunettes, as you (so nobly) inferred.—*B. L. Dombrowski.*

Correcting an Error

BUTTE, MONT.—In the November 13 issue of LIBERTY WEEKLY, there appeared the question, "In what American city is there no living green thing, and why?" And the answer sent by Archie Rice, of Walton, New York, read: "Butte, Montana, because of sulphur dioxide fumes from smelters."

Now this statement has never been exactly true, for even when the sulphur fumes were doing their best to kill every bit of vegetation, the Chinese matrimony vine persisted in growing. This vine, introduced into Butte thirty-four years ago, was grown in every part of the city.

It was in 1898 that the first trees were planted in Butte, about the time when the heap roasting of ores in the open was discontinued. Since that time there has been a marked interest in the planting of trees, grass, and flowers, and for the past fifteen years the city has abounded in beautiful gardens.

The old impression of Butte should be eradicated.—*Alma Margaret Higgins.*

Ouch!

CAMDEN, N. J.—"Beautiful but dumb" is a slogan that in my opinion fits your paper exactly.—*Morris Godfrey.*

No Green People

BUTTE, MONT.—LIBERTY MAGAZINE in its Twenty Questions propounded the query: "In what American city is there no living green thing?" The answer read, "In Butte, Montana." Many thanks for the compliment. We know that you were not referring to vegetation—facts deny that. We agree that no green people exist in Butte. We are all sophisticated. —*Carl J. Trauerman.*

Take That, and That!

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I seriously object to such stories as The Hand of God, by Mabel McElliott Clarke. This is the second time within the last few months that you have printed stories slightly camouflaging recent tragedies—the other being the sad case of the Brewster family, on Long Island.

It is a shame to commercialize another's troubles. If authors cannot originate their own plots, I suggest they stop writing.—*E. D. Powell.*

Wants the Truth

SANFORD, N. Y.—I am glad to see that you have at last printed the truth about the trouble in Mexico. I refer to the article entitled The Machete versus the Cross.—*Jack Kernes.*

Thinks Sid's Wrong

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mr. Sidney Sutherland's articles on Mexico are patently biased, thoroughly misleading, and contain statements of the type disseminated by Americans whose study of conditions in Mexico has not extended beyond the recesses of the Regis Hotel barroom in Mexico City.—*G. M. Patison.*

Puss Finds a Defender

CHICAGO, ILL.—Albert Payson Terhune must be running out of material when he stoops to such flagrant misstatements as appeared in his article entitled, Men Hate Cats—Why?

In the first place, normal men *don't* hate cats any more than normal men love spinach. I do not know a single man who does not like cats—mildly or warmly, depending on the individual.

In the next place, dogs do not hate cats. Cats hate dogs; and it is due to the fact that on the most casual encounter the cat shows fight or flight, so there is nearly always trouble. A puppy introduced to a kitten will exhibit only friendly interest. The kitten will exhibit claws and use them handily, or resort to flight.—*Kathleen Llewellyn Ott.*

For the Love o' Lil

BE sure to turn back to the cover on this week's LIBERTY. Then read the following description of the current installment of our great cover serial. It is Leslie Thrasher's famous picture story by which LIBERTY readers throughout the country keep track of the Morse family's everyday adventures. We introduce them each week. Lil Morse and her love affairs, especially the one with Sandy Jenkins, are depicted in detail for the enjoyment of LIBERTY readers. Follow the cover continuity in case we should put on another contest. Now for the story:

For the Love o' Lil

CHAPTER XXVIII *of the* FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

By LESLIE THRASHER

EXCITEMENT was running riot in the Morse household. It was Ladies' Night at "Pop" Morse's lodge!

Pop was upstairs, chasing a collar button and rehearsing his dreaded announcement: "The second selection of the Sacks Sisters' Saxophone Sextette will be——"

"Ma" left the house early, to whip cream for 300 fruit salads. Dwight, stationed out front in the family car, had offered to drive her to the lodge. But she replied, in her Chairman-of-the-Ladies'-Auxiliary voice, "I've driven in that crazy bus before." Then she ordered a taxi.

Lil? An outward composure hid turbulent emotions. Dreamy-eyed, she pecked at the snatched-from-the-icebox supper. She did not recognize the top of one of her own new mauve stockings fitted closely over her kid brother's head, sleeking down his greased hair.

In a romantic daze she was now preparing for Ladies' Night. Peering over one shoulder, she poked in just another "invisible." Glancing over the other—one more spray of perfume. She must look her best tonight. She had not seen Sandy Jenkins for a week. She could hardly wait to tell him "I've saved nearly every dance for you."

She was ready. Five more minutes now before a hired car would rattle out front and Sandy would give the prearranged signal: Awk! Awk!! AWK!!!

(To be continued next week)

When the tree is trimmed for the great day—when the peace and good cheer of Christmas are almost here —have a Camel!

Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN the stockings are hung by the mantel. And the children's tree is ablaze with the gifts and toys for tomorrow's glad awakening. When joyously tired at midnight you settle down by the languishing fire—*have a Camel!*

For to those who think of others, there is no other gift like Camels. Camel enjoyment enriches every busy day, increases the gladness in giving, makes life's anticipations brighter. Before Camel, no cigarette ever was so good. Camels are made of such choice tobaccos, are so skilfully blended, that they never tire the taste or leave a cigaretty aftertaste. Millions have found in Camels every good point they ever hoped for in a cigarette.

So on this Christmas Eve, when your work for others is done—when you're too glad for sleep with thoughts of tomorrow's happiness—taste then the smoke that every day brings contentment to millions. Know then the mellowest mildness that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!

Remember your few closest friends with a supply of Camels for Christmas Day and the days to come. Mail or send your Camel cartons early, so that they will be delivered in ample time.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

© 1926

Do Your Own Face LIFTING

An Article by

EILEEN BOURNE

Photographs by LAZARNICK

SOMETHING should be done about a girl who'd so treat a jolly little face.

NOTE how a hard, fixed jawline responds to the softening expression.

NO, it isn't mother and daughter. It's daughter before and after she "lifted" how many years with a change of expression.

HERE'S a face-lifting operation guaranteed to give instantaneous results. It is the only facial operation known that can be done without slits or stitches, without some danger of scars, without a risk of failure. It may be tried on any face, any age, with positive assurance of rejuvenation.

No disappearing for days or weeks, as with certain other facial rejuvenation measures, to come forth ironed out of lines and wrinkles, but with an uncanny stillness around the eyes, a fixed look around the mouth that defeats the purpose of youth that was sought.

This operation is painless, and carries a bona fide guarantee that the face which tries it will be younger looking and infinitely more pleasing within the brief moment required to lift the muscles by a change of expression.

There are twenty-four pairs of opposing face muscles constantly registering your mood. When you are disgusted, harried, worried, grouchy, sullen, or morose, the face muscles are drawn downward. When you are serene, optimistic, happy, the face is drawn upward.

The formula for the "lift" that never fails is to keep those face muscles on an upward trend. Look at the photographs on this page for evidence of how years disappear with the simple operation of turning up the corners of the mouth.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

Liberty's Beauty Book,
247 Park Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

19

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....

Plan the Christmas Cooking EARLY

By ETHEL SOMERS

TOO often Christmas is not a day of unalloyed joy for mother, with the family looking forward to an orgy of merry feasting. Who more than she knows how apt are the first two words of this quotation from Dickens' Christmas Carol?

At last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause as Mrs. Cratchit, looking all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast of the goose. . . .

A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. . . . In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannonball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

How much merrier a picture of mother a modern Dickens could paint! Up-to-date icing facilities, controlled oven regulation, the ever-increasing trend toward early shopping preparedness, delicious canned items from soup to dessert, and the table service cart on wheels working on schedule, leaves mother free to enter into all the Christmas fun, right up to the last-minute preparations.

In order to accomplish her seeming magic, mother, in the days and weeks preceding Christmas, must work out her plans with the utmost precision. Wise methods leave only the scheduled last-minute roasting, unwatched because regulated, the assembling for the table, and the service.

On Christmas Eve the dining-table is immaculately set with breakfast plates, silver, and a luscious fruit centerpiece which will glorify the breakfast and dinner table and serve as the dessert course for supper. A festive red tarlatan breakfast stocking is placed on each plate. Except for the especially ordered half-pints of milk for the children, and dad's coffee, each stocking contains a complete breakfast—a small ready cooked sample cereal packet,* filling whole-wheat sandwiches, fruit, and nuts.

Some time during the morning a prearranged alarm calls mother for ten minutes to the kitchen to heat and regulate the oven and put the goose (prepared and iced the day before) to roast.

Thirty minutes later the reset alarm calls some capable junior member to cover the roasting goose and readjust the oven temperature. This is a satisfying operation, for a sizzling, browning fowl is a pleasing sight, emanating most intriguing whiffs of the feast ahead.

FILLING a thimble with lemon extract, ready for the festive moment when the match is applied.

A CAKE server and a sharp knife expedite the portioning of the pudding.

GAYLY decorated, and with the lemon extract lighted, the plum pudding is ready for service.

Thirty minutes before dinner the trusty alarm signals again, and the ready-cooked cauliflower is cheese- or sauce-coated and put in the oven to heat. The glazed sweet potatoes are rebaked and are, incidentally, improved by this second cooking. The plum pudding is put to steam thoroughly. The dinner table is set. The ready iced fruit cocktail, after being moistened with a sprinkle of sweet red cranberry juice and garnished with holly, is set in place for the first course. The soup is heated and prepared for service in a large tureen. The salad is assembled in individual lettuce cups on a large family service plate. Everything is ready for the big event.

After the soup has been served, the fowl and accessories are brought in. At father's place is set the savory goose and carvers. To the person on his right go the vegetables and serving tools. And to mother the salad, chilled salad plates, and dressing, with their tools for serving. This is the so-called English table service, wherein everyone is served in turn, starting to the left of the host.

After the main course, mother garnishes the plum pudding with sauce and holly, and inserts a thimble in the top filled with lemon extract. She touches a match to the extract, and the blazing pudding adds the finishing touch to the gayety of the modern Christmas dinner.

The dishes are quickly washed by younger members of the family, leaving mother happily free for the afternoon fun.

A simple buffet supper is served—what Johnny calls a handout—at dusk, bringing to a close a truly merry Christmas, because mother celebrated too.

* These may be obtained from any restaurant or from the manufacturer.

MENU

Fruit Cocktail in Shells, with Sweet Cranberry Juice
Savory Soup, with Toasted Croutons
Celery Olives Jelly
Roast Goose with Potato Stuffing Rosy Apples
Christmas Pepper-Ring Salad with French Dressing
Glazed Sweet Potatoes Cauliflower
Steamed Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce
Mints

100 TESTED RECIPES FOR 10 CENTS!

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y.
Please send me a copy of your cook book, 100 Standard Recipes. I inclose ten cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

NAME .....

STREET or R. F. D. .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

12-25-26

The Golden Calf

Pictures by EDWARD RYAN

MISS MARYBELLE COBB was pretty, but in the demure and precise fashion of Gothic tapestries and cathedral-glass Madonnas. No matter how her spirit might yearn for giddiness and high adventure, her person was protected from the world by a sweet primness. It shielded her more effectively than iron bars.

Marybelle eyed the clock on the desk of Mr. Philip Homer, whose able secretary she was. She had worked thirty-three minutes overtime without knowing it. She glanced at Mr. Homer, then looked quickly back to her blue-serge lap.

"Is there any work I can take home with me, Mr. Homer?" she inquired timidly.

"Lots." The young man scarcely paused in his survey of various hosiery advertisements, the proofs of which littered his desk and the neighboring floor.

"Check my reading of this—and this. The copy's all right, but the illustrations are punk. We'll can the lot and have new ones. Darn the fellow who told the model she had good legs for hosiery display! Look like a Lithuanian farm girl's."

He peered squarely at Miss Cobb, yet gave a sense of not seeing anything but the architect's sketch of Factory Number Eleven, which served to cover the far wall.

"Go down to Miss Culver in the statistical department and find the perfect leg measurements for a number nine stocking; run a classified in the Wednesday paper for someone with those dimensions. That's all." And Mr. Homer returned to his work as advertising manager for one of the world's largest hosiery sales organizations.

Mr. Philip Homer was of that class of gentlemen who are noisy because they are shy. His roars originated in his throat and did not proceed from a naturally roarsome soul.

Marybelle put on her sensible hat and her sensible coat, and, after interviewing the statistical Miss Culver, departed for uptown spaces to cook her own sensible supper of a chop for proteins and spinach for vitamin B. Sometimes she thought longingly of lobster salad in a restaurant—but that was in weak moments.

As Miss Cobb tidied up her wee kitchenette, she took great solace from a motto that graced the wall above the sink mop and soap-shaker:

> Have little care that life is short
> Nor yet that Art is long.
> Success is in the silences,
> Though fame is in the song.

"Success is in the silences," droned Marybelle, setting the words to a self-composed tune as she spread out the dish towel on the radiator.

And, after an hour of painstakingly thorough proof reading, she yawned gently and spoke, in lieu of the company she never had of an evening, to herself:

"Success is in the silences—well, it's certainly very silent and I can only work for the success part; but I will say Philip Homer is wise to let me read this before he O. K's it. If ever a man had genius for split infinitives and misused semicolons, he has, poor thing."

Miss Cobb had that gentle pity for Mr. Homer which is dangerous in the hands of a forceful female, though rather beautiful in those who are altogether static of emotion.

"I wonder," she mused, peering at the tip of her right slipper—"I wonder if Philip likes me."

THE slender golden figure of Miss Cobb wove daintily and serenely through a pandemonium of bathing girls and scant-frocked maidens from a hundred States and cities.

"Likes you!" scoffed her left slipper. "He hardly knows you exist."

"Of course you're right," admitted the other toe; "but I do think you might let me believe and sort of pretend he notices me. Don't you think he's awfully good looking?"

"AND brilliant," agreed the right-hand rising to defend an inarguable claim. "He's got a real future ahead of him, that man has."

"I think he has, too," said Miss Cobb, glad of this support of one of her basic convictions, and proceeding to write the advertising copy Mr. Homer had bidden her prepare:

> WANTED—Model for photographic hosiery advertisement. No. 9 foot; 7¼-inch ankle; 13-inch calf; 11⅞ inches below the knee; 14½ inches from top of knee to instep; 15 inches from below knee to floor while seated. Please do not apply unless corresponding perfectly with the dimensions quoted. No padding or elastic shapers permitted.

Marybelle Cobb yawned and slid the copy into her briefcase, and rose to get ready for

The Story of a Girl Who Stood Knee-Deep in Perfection

By AARON DAVIS

bed. She stood before the mirror and brushed her hair one hundred strokes on each side.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, seeing her own ankles in the long glass. "I suppose you're just as different from perfection as I am from beautiful girls."

Now, Marybelle had hereby set up a comparison, the temptation of which no normal woman would try to resist. She took the tape measure from her sewing bag and sat down.

"Right," she murmured: "Nine inches for the foot; ankle—it's too remarkable—seven and a quarter; calf—" She shook with excitement as does the poker amateur who draws to a royal straight. "Oh, exactly thirteen inches!" And, trembling, she rushed through the final measurements and then sat bolt upright, looking solemn-eyed at the magic tape, which she held reverently in her hand.

"Good gracious!" she groaned, after a long minute of awesome musing. "Marybelle Cobb, did you realize that you had perfect—" She couldn't bring herself to be sufficiently vapid to say "limbs," and yet back in Newton, Massachusetts, the other things were not voiced—at least, among those folks who went to the stone church three sessions each week.

As the appreciation of the discovery came gradually over Miss Cobb, she grew more and more pained. The possession of a pair of perfect legs somehow constituted a bar sinister on her respectability. She had always thought that the utmost of shame was to have a relative engaged in the liquor business. But this—this was terrible.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GOLDEN CALF
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

And yet duty was wholly as strong in Marybelle as her ingrained sense of Victoria-and-Albert convention. To the business that paid her enough for the modest comforts of life she gave her undivided allegiance. And, since her particular commercial enterprise was in need of a pair of legs that happened to correspond with hers, could she honorably refuse to lend them on behalf of greater sales and profits for the organization?

Marybelle was a woman of action. She stood up, redressed, put on her sensible hat and coat, and went out into the night to find the nearest office that accepted classified newspaper advertisements.

She emerged with smart and colorful clothes and adornments.

THE following day Miss Cobb returned twenty minutes late from lunch. She walked primly to Mr. Philip Homer's desk and waited silently until he looked up.

"I was reading an early evening edition this noon and ran across this. It's a remarkable coincidence."

"Yeah!" said Mr. Homer, taking the clipped portion of newsprint and reading aloud: "Legs: 9-inch foot; 7¼-inch ankle; 13-inch calf; 11⅞ inches below the knee; 14½ inches from the top of knee to instep; 15 inches from below knee to the floor while seated. The owner will rent them for commercial art purposes on condition that her identity remain unknown. Call Green 7179 between 1 and 1:15 P. M."

This was a matter that didn't affect Philip Homer deeply, so he could roar: "Hot stuff, what? Telephone and everything. I guess I'll put that number in my book, hey?" And he tried to make his cheerful grin hint of the sad mad life he didn't lead.

"The coincidence is that those are the identical measurements that Miss Culver gave me yesterday," Marybelle explained flatly.

Mr. Homer felt her unintended rebuff, and cracked his ankle painfully against the desk in his effort to kick himself for such ill chosen flippancy.

"Good! Get hold of her. If they check, as she claims, have her at the studio at eight this evening."

"I did." There was no trace of now-see-what-a-good-girl-I-am-to-know-what-you-want-before-you-ask-it in Marybelle's voice. "I called her at one o'clock—she used a pay station so no one could trace her—and then I met her. I had to promise to tell no one her name." Miss Cobb's breath fluttered a trifle, but she controlled such foolishness. "She refuses to work at all unless she can be heavily veiled and have our promise that no one will talk to her to try to find out who she is."

"Sure—sure. Promise her anything you like, as long as she fills the bill. Lord knows, we've been eight weeks trying to find a perfect model, and we've got to hustle." Mr. Homer returned to his rate cards muttering, "Bring her to the studio tonight and promise her anything she wants."

"I'm sorry," lied Miss Cobb valiantly, "I have an appointment tonight which I can't possibly break, but I'll arrange to have her there."

Later that afternoon Marybelle, at the suggestion of Mr. Homer, left the office an hour before closing time in order to communicate the appointment and agreement of her demand for secrecy to the stranger of the perfect legs. But Miss Cobb went instead to the shops and purchased a pair of full and modest satin bloomers, a pair of smart evening slippers, and a long cape. And there was deep and natural suffering in her heart as she realized that never again might she wear these expensive fripperies, for fear they might be a chance clue to her beneficent deception.

And at 8 o'clock, veiled altogether beyond recognition and almost to suffocation, she entered the photographic studio.

"Roller Hose model?" bellowed the commercial artist who got $100 an hour for his time, which was scarcely available inside of six weeks from Thursday.

"Black gauze first. Hurry up, put 'em on." And over her ear he bawled, "Apricot velvet background to this one, Harry—atta boy——"

And when Marybelle came timidly out from the dressing-room, he swung her into pose and fell back to scrutinize her feet over the top of his lead pencil.

"Hey, Harry," howled the master of his business, after he had taken Marybelle in a dozen poses and styles, "come in here! Who do those legs remind you of?"

The assisting Harry entered and judged the matter with a seriousness found only in profound dyspeptics.

"By Jiminy," he drawled, regretful of the necessity for praise, "ain't them good, now—ain't them just like Annie Sullivan's—ten years back, before she quit modeling?"

"Exactly," agreed the roaring boss, "and a little better, maybe. I can't remember we ever took a better pair of legs than these here."

"Well," modified Harry, "I wouldn't go so far as to say that, but they're good—and I seen a sight of swell art legs in my time. But the trade will never forget Annie's."

"That's all, miss," concluded the master, diving into the black entrance of the developing-room.

MISS COBB drew her new cape around her and departed to the quiet spaces of inexpensive apartments, glad that the ordeal by camera was done and she could loosen her veils and breathe. As she brushed her daily hundred aside, she crooned her personal anthem:

Success is in the silences,
Though fame is in the song.

Miss Cobb was not a natural giggler, and, not having giggled for more than ten years, was out of practice. But now something like a little laugh welled up as she rehearsed minutely the evening's sequence. Those busy, altogether detached men had actually praised her, and it was a novelty to be kin to anything applauded. She seriously wondered whether the trifling catch at her heart was happiness or indigestion. Annie Sullivan! Immortalized for a decade, at least!

At eight-forty-five the following morning Marybelle Cobb entered the office. At eight-fifty Mr. Homer came striding in, waving a large portfolio.

"Miss Cobb, they're simply wonderful." He grinned and set up a battery of photographs across his desk. "You certainly did us a good turn to find her." He tilted back his chair and eyed the art work. "Legs," he announced largely—"legs like that are a national asset. The owner should be pensioned by the government. Does the veiled lady realize that ten million women will look at these photographs and say 'Not so good'—which, when translated into the vernacular means, 'I bet she's cross-eyed, but where can I buy those stockings?'"

Marybelle smiled nervously. She couldn't speak in this first appreciation Mr. Homer had ever bestowed on her.

And throughout the day, as people came to the office, Philip Homer's greeting was for them to look at the photographed perfection his department had acquired.

"Those pictures," said he repeatedly, "are worth a million dollars in sales to us. And there"—and he swung around and nodded toward the typing Miss Cobb—"is the girl to whom we are indebted for finding this secret star for superior stocking sales."

And Mr. Homer would applaud his own fulsome alliteration and grow even more enthusiastic as he enlarged the story of the veiled lady and the keenness of his secretary.

The only immediate visible difference in Marybelle was a chronic blush that lighted her heretofore wan face.

But, through the fortuitous admiration, her self-respect and proper vanity started poking her attention at things her training had always considered secondary and unworthily worldly.

SHE dug into her trim savings account and emerged with smart and colorful clothes and adornments. She even wondered, when passing beauty-shop windows—and it shows to what extent her mind was wandering—whether her nose, too, might be too shiny. But to this last perversion of conduct she knew gratefully she'd never yield.

However, she did, one noon hour, trade her excellent but sensible chatelaine watch for one of the wrist variety, which might not keep time but was undeniably decorative. And when she returned to take dictation, Mr. Homer spotted its newness at once.

"Oho!" said he, with the playfulness of a St. Bernard, "the boy friend must have been making money?"

"Oh, no!" said Marybelle, sincerely horror-stricken at the idea, yet coloring more prettily than ever. "Please—you mustn't think—I——"

"Well, well, well," murmured the young man, taking pleasure in that world-old sport of making a woman blush. It is an entertaining exercise, since it fits a man temporarily into the shoes of *Don Juan*, and every man—in his deep down heart—feels those are his particular size.

Mr. Homer, his interest awakened by his own machinations, gradually began to notice new virtues in his secretary; yet he never questioned whether these charms were freshly budded or had existed during his semiblindness to them. All of which being true, he craved topics of conversation that lent themselves to the lighter shades of polite custom.

Space rates, complaints, and the bawling out of his advertising agency seemed to lack spontaneity of plot for his purpose, and the intriguing person of the veiled lady proved the most suitable theme on which to drape his desire to talk informally with Miss Cobb, so he mentioned it whenever the thirst for office relaxation seized him.

"Don't you think, Miss Cobb," he would state, with the weight that corporation presidents always employ when they would be playful with a subordinate—"don't you think it's sort of mean of you to be so tight with this paragon of yours? Take the old Greeks, for instance: they said that beauty—wherever found—was a gift of the gods and was the property of the state, to be enjoyed by and of benefit to the entire body politic."

"Oh," questioned the seemingly practical Marybelle, "did the Greeks say that?"

Philip Homer waved a hand to signify its inconsequence:

"I don't know; they probably didn't miss that. They said everything else. But what I want to know is, when are you going to bring her around to be properly thanked?" He pointed to the photographs of the so beautifully filled spring styles of their hosiery. "She's worth a fortune to us in sales, and I can't let that pass without gratitude. How

about a little luncheon party—you and the Veiled Lady and me?"

For some days Mr. Homer had calculated how he might cunningly trap his secretary into a luncheon date.

"It's quite impossible," answered Marybelle primly, looking at her lap and praying he would shorten the personnel of the party.

"Then how about you and—" blundered Philip, suddenly too nervous to put over the last few feet of the charge and retreating to noisy safety. "How about your trying again to persuade her? Gosh darn it!" he exploded, anxious to get far, far away with this treacherous sentiment which had almost double-crossed him. "Don't you realize I've got to see that girl?"

"Oh?" sighed Marybelle, her heart on that high emotional level where there is no humor in anything.

It is a literal mood that takes all statements at face value and refuses to reason. And Miss Cobb, being in that uncertain condition of love which has no answer, naturally yearned to believe only the discouraging item, and because Mr. Homer and all men who visited the office spoke so fulsomely and frequently of the Veiled Lady as a lalapaloosa, a humdinger, and the bee's knees, she became convinced that the Veiled Lady was the world's sweetheart.

As the days went by, the injustice of it all rankled and urged her to revolt. And yet, any revolt that would give her the right to receive the admiration that went to the Veiled Lady required words, and explanation and proofs of those things were forever impossible to Marybelle Cobb and the ancestors who dwelled within her.

ONE noon Mr. Homer returned from lunch vibrant with a great business coup; at least, he gave out the impression that his enthusiasm for business was the cause for his excitement.

"Look here, Miss Cobb—here's a chance to make our new advertising a hundred per cent more effective. It's a wow!"

Marybelle sat silently at attention because she couldn't think of any vivid answer for wows.

"I just got a card to the Black Cat Ball—it's the greatest thing of the winter, you know. They're going to have an All American Beauty Leg Contest—thousand-dollar prize to the winner."

"Oh!" squealed the girl. The idea opened endless avenues of complications.

"Isn't it magnificent?" bellowed Philip. "I can see you got it at once. Tell your friend here's a chance to make a thousand, and if she wins I'll give her another thousand. It's worth that to be able to claim that our model has been winner in a big art contest like this, with the leading editors and engineers and bank presidents sitting on the jury of awards."

"Oh, no," begged the prim one; "she wouldn't do that. There's no use asking her; I know she wouldn't."

Philip Homer wondered how it had been possible that Marybelle had sat by his desk for two years, and only in the past fortnight had he noticed how delicately appealing she was when she blushed.

He floundered on:

"I sort of thought—I mean—you see, if she entered the contest—why, you and I would have to go to the ball to look after her."

"Her!" thought Miss Cobb, wearily welcoming the most hopeless interpretation. "He's beating all around the bush like this just to meet her. Darn her!—excuse me."

Even to herself Marybelle was temperate and shocked at the length to which her longing for attention led. And suddenly Eve whispered down through 10,000 springs from the leafy lanes of Eden:

"Suppose the Veiled Lady should contract to help him. He would make love to her, and that is better for me than no love at all."

"Well," lied Miss Cobb flatly, "since the thing means so much to the business, I'll try to persuade her. But I can't promise anything. It's up to her."

"Gosh!" thought Philip Homer, trying not to grin and disclose the Italian hand, as he was pleased to imagine his ponderous diplomacy. "It's working like a charm. Hook, bait, and sinker!" He grinned in spite of himself.

"Good gracious, Marybelle Cobb, did you realize you had perfect——"

"Her!" mused Marybelle bitterly, again to herself. "I wish I could be her!"

Throughout the following days warring factions drove pell-mell through the tender emotions of Miss Cobb.

She realized clearly that never, while conscious and possessed by her present humble—although she called it maidenly—nature, could she claim the adoration laid at the Veiled Lady's feet and ankles.

But the Veiled Lady could with ease walk from her photographs into his life and, incognito, receive the ardent adoration he was so anxious to give her. And at some later time, comfortably hid in the future, when he had begged her to take his heart, she might then shyly explain the unity of Marybelle Cobb and the winsome stranger.

So she reported to Mr. Philip Homer that, on her promise of secrecy, the lady would do as he wished.

The Black Cat Ball was always an affair of great breadth—mixed and moneyed. Some of the gayest dancers pawned their watches to attend, while others entered with one watch and went home with three or four.

At half-past one in the morning Marybelle Cobb forced a frown to her face that had had no thought of anything frownish since 11 o'clock, when Mr. Homer had rung her apartment bell and helped her into a taxi.

"You know," she said, trying hard to make her voice sound fearful for another's safety, "you know, I'm worried about the Veiled Lady. I shouldn't have let her come alone. She promised to be at the head of the stairs at one o'clock."

"Don't worry," urged Mr. Homer, flushing suddenly as he caught himself considering how pleasant it would be to put a hand on each of her smooth cheeks and kiss the tip of her nose.

"But I do worry," said Marybelle, excited at the flush of interest that mention of their model brought to his face. "You stay here. I'm going down to telephone and maybe go and get her." And, turning to go, she added lightly: "If you see her at the head of the stairs while I'm away, just tell her I've gone to find her. Don't expect her to answer you, for you know she won't do that."

WITH which, Miss Cobb stepped demurely from the room and down the great stairway.

Within five minutes Marybelle had entered a previously engaged room at a near-by hotel. With a speed that married men know to be impossible for a woman dressing for a party, she completely shifted her costume and stood before the mirror, a dainty and slender figure—gold slippers, gold stockings, gold bloomers, and a fluttering aura of golden veils completely hiding her face and hair.

Twenty minutes later she was mounting the grand stairway to the ballroom, saying feverishly to herself with each high heartbeat:

"I can't help it—it's not my fault! It's not fair, God, for him to love me and not know it's me he loves. And please, God, if

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GOLDEN CALF
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

he's going to make love to her, just teach me what to do and everything."

And there was Philip coming toward her, looking very determined and serious. In the last desperate moment her spirit would have broken, but he had her by the arm and was saying softly: "I know you're the girl who's the friend of Marybelle Cobb. It's bully of you to help us like this."

"Mmh," sighed Marybelle to herself. "I hope he gets very intense."

Mr. Homer cavaliered her through the crush of people toward a secluded alcove of green cotton bay trees. It was a romantically suitable place for the emotional scene she had pictured, and she trembled happily at the nearness of her great hour. After a thoughtful silence, he spoke:

"It won't be long now before the contest starts. It's bully of you to help us like this."

Marybelle blinked under her veils. This was not the language of her dreams.

"I'll scream," she groaned inwardly, "if he says that again. Maybe, though, all he needs is a little encouragement at the start. He's such a nice man."

And, with the bravery that anonymity gives, Marybelle leaned forward in her chair exactly, she hoped, as the tiger ladies of the screen sway toward their lovers. She felt very abandoned. However, Mr. Homer seemed unaffected.

"You know," said he, brightly impersonal, "you have perfectly wonderful legs. I can't imagine your not winning this affair. But, anyway, it's bully of you to help us."

THE Veiled Lady couldn't stand these wasted minutes. She extended what she imagined was a sinuous arm and touched his sleeve. Maybe the vibrant quality of her nature would, by this contact, thrill his heart into the declaration she knew he longed to lay at her conquering feet.

"I wouldn't be nervous," he assured, patting her hand pleasantly. "No one'll bother you. And, anyway, Miss Cobb should be back again any minute now."

He stood up and looked wistfully over the green cotton hedge for that absent lady. And disconsolately he sat down again by her on the wicker bench, a figure vastly far from the passionate pilgrim she had expected her present character would bring into being.

Now, Marybelle was a desperate woman. In fact, she was a pair of desperate women. And both of them were dumb by circumstance, and in love with the same man. Such a set-up should provide action. It did.

It may have been Miss Cobb, or again it might have been the Veiled Lady who longed to comfort Mr. Homer and woo him from his shyness into the ardent lover his spoken admiration for her charms had promised. No matter which —one of them leaned over and through her veils kissed him fleetingly on his surprised cheek.

Being most earnestly in love, Mr. Homer could see no pleasant opportunity in the situation. He opened his mouth several times and flushed at his incapacity to say the gallant yet appropriate word. He knew there were definite rules for this particular occasion, yet somehow he couldn't recall them.

"It's bully of you to come here and help us like this," he reiterated vaguely, at last, trying to seem tremendously interested in something beyond the bay wall.

Miss Marybelle Cobb leaned wearily back in her chair. The whole world suddenly was drab and colorless and empty, when just a little minute ago she had come so high of spirit to this meeting.

The roll of traps beyond the verdant hedge cut short her bitterness.

"Gosh, you've got to hurry!" cried the relieved young business man. "You mustn't miss this." And he urged her by the arm up toward the platform, where the spotlights turned the flower-backed set into a spring noon garden plot.

"To determine," roared the announcer from his rostrum, "the possessor of the world's loveliest limbs!"

Mr. Homer patted the Veiled Lady's shoulder and whispered his genuine yet unimpassioned encouragement.

"Now go to it. And, whether you win or not, it's bully of you to come and help us like this—but for heaven's sake win!"

With which he pushed her on to the first step.

Up on the stage, the slender golden figure

Philip laid rude hold on Miss Cobb and lifted her quickly to the floor.

of Miss Cobb wove daintily and serenely through a pandemonium of bathing girls and scant-frocked maidens from a hundred States and cities. And whenever the fortunate judges reached a decision, a graceful badge of dismissal, a red, red rose, was handed to a maiden, and down she came from the tourney to explain to her backers the favoritism that always governs such affairs. And down they tripped, one by one, while the Veiled Lady passed into the semifinals and the finals.

AND then her single opponent slowly stooped and picked up the red blossom that was tossed, dramatically, at her feet, and Marybelle Cobb stood, slim and alone, against the banked masses of daisies and daffodils, while 200 men at least rushed up from the crowded, cheering floor to tell her how wonderful they had always thought her. And how about supper tonight and every night?

"Lady, lady," wailed Mr. Nussbaum of Ninth Street, "don't be so cruel. Take off them veils and let's see such a face it must be. *Oy!* Such eyes she must got to have them legs!"

Mr. Nussbaum's sentiments were those of the crowd, although varying levels of social status worded them variously.

Miss Cobb looked dimly at the circling faces for Philip Homer. But he was not there. At the far end of the ballroom she finally saw him leaning against the wall and watching the entrance door, apparently caring little enough for the golden victory she had won for him merely because he had wanted it.

Suddenly she felt completely out of his interest. He didn't care what happened to her in either character. It was a natural revolt that governed Marybelle.

"Shall I really take off the veils?" she inquired timidly of those nearest to her.

"Me! I'll die if she don't," almost sobbed Mr. Nussbaum, alone coherent in the cheering company.

So Miss Cobb shyly unloosed the gossamer yardage that concealed her face and hair, and stood, blushing and prim, yet sparkling, far prettier than Marybelle Cobb had ever been. For people do, under such winsome persuasion as she had had, take on whatever height of loveliness is expected of them.

FROM the table to which she had been lifted, Marybelle tossed a timid kiss to the men who worshiped below, and then looked wistfully out over their heads to where Philip leaned against the far door. Tears, bright little tears at his indifference, rose in her eyes and made them very soft and sad and altogether lovely.

As for Mr. Homer, that gentleman was commercially delighted with the honor to his department's model, but his mind was engaged with the absence of Miss Cobb.

He felt very superior to the men who fought for a place in the sun of this golden victress. He knew a sweeter, neater maiden in a cleaner, greener land, and smiled condescendingly about it.

Now, during a casual survey of the platform, he noted that the lady had removed her veils.

Mr. Homer instantly lost memory of almost everything. One single glance sloughed off from his nature that which it had taken twenty-five years to build on. Timidity and reserve no longer hindered him, for no longer they were. He knew only that the most desirable woman in or out of heaven was having her legs applauded by an army of men he suddenly detested.

A dog whose home territory has been invaded by a foreign brother, and who goes to see about it, has many of the characteristics that showed in Philip Homer's advance toward the lady. His hair didn't bristle up, but his legs and arms worked very stiffly and there was a slight elevation to his eyebrows. If people saw him coming they got out of his way, and if they didn't see his approach they also got out of his path, though not voluntarily. The denser thronging about Marybelle's table throne made no difference to his progress.

Reaching up, he laid rude hold on Miss Cobb and lifted her quickly to the floor and rushed her through the mob into the dark spaces of the wings, muttering:

"The very idea—" Snorts of his righteousness somewhat confused his words. "The very idea of the girl I'm going to marry doing such a thing!"

There was a long silence, during which Marybelle Cobb could not speak.

"Philip," she squeaked blissfully at last, "please let me breathe. How ever did I get the idea you didn't like kissing?"

THE END

Fashion Tendencies Give HINTS for Spring

By Mary Brush Williams

NOWADAYS line and material and the way you wear your things take precedence over color. If you have plenty of velvet and satin for dress occasions, and soft wools and jerseys for outings, you can cover a wide range in color.

An important point to notice is that a little of the blousing has been taken out, so that the dresses don't look top-heavy, as they were inclined to do just after the Paris openings. Also, a little of the threatened breadth has been taken out of the skirts, and they are settled into a pretty fair-to-middling narrow silhouette for a long run once again.

The Paris designers had hoped to bring about a little swirl of fullness, but when they came to take stock after their last openings, they found that there were two things which neither Frenchwomen nor American buyers had cared for—the top-heavy blouses and the large acreage of material in the skirts.

Pin tucks and plaiting are livelier than ever. They are among the agents for killing simplicity. There is a downward movement conspicuous in the trimming on coats, but really present in everything.

On a long-time bet it looks as if you wouldn't go far wrong to get a jacket. There are sound reasons for believing in the jacket: the Riviera is said to be frosted with them in white, all downy with wool and rabbit. Then, too, you know there was last season that "smoking" (pronounced a la Francais with the accent on the -ing). And it was popular; you will remember that! A dress was made with a little jacket like a man's tuxedo.

The little jacket of today is an evolutionary development of that. As my Parisian adviser puts it: "The suit is good. It is really going to come back in the spring in that short-jacket effect, it seems. All the houses have shown it in the winter collections and played it strongly. In all of its variations it is forever simple and straight."

The interest in the costume it accompanies lies in the combining of materials. In this juxtaposition, a sense of elaborateness is induced, thus helping to prove our old thesis that things are fundamentally simple and that the elaborateness of the moment is "set on." In this instance the coat is in a shade of what the English call biscuit color, with a beaver collar that is darker, and is worn with a skirt of a plaid which the Scotch would disown, that shades down to coffee brown. Always the top for this skirt is provided for under the coat. It matches or contrasts with something in the costume.

THE third article—"rag" I believe the subdeb calls it—is the cape or scarf that is threatening to take the place of the Spanish shawl, which is quite passe this season. It is carried with the fur coat and taken right in to the function, because the fur coat is too thick and the dress far, far too thin.

This scarf is usually metallic in sheen, and cut straight, so that the wearer may drape it herself. It affords a good way to use up materials you have brought from Europe or Japan. Incidentally, any woman of taste can make one.

This one starts silvery and light, shades to gold, and ends in bronze at the bottom. It is lined with silver, but may be made as warm as desired. But those brought over here—and a lot of them have been—are not so much for real warmth as for the cool drawing-rooms of Europe.

Tulle is this season's successor to chiffon. The evening dress above is of this material, with a skirt longer in the back than the front and the corsage trimmed with flowers made from the material.

A CAPE or scarf of gold, silver, and copper lamé, lined with cloth of silver. At right is shown an evening dress in Chanel red tulle over gold. The underslip is trimmed with tiny pieces of mirror.

THIS coat of grayish-bluish green is trimmed with fine tucks. There is a bloused panel at back and a deep roll collar with revers. The suit (at right) has a jacket of beige wool with a beaver collar, and a skirt in beige-and-brown plaid.

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Cotton Frocks for the Silken Woman

Styles for Southern Resorts Show a New Trend

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, November 28.

FRENCH couturiers have hit on a new idea, and from present indications it is going over big. With silk stockings a staple of the ten-cent stores and crepe de Chine a daily feature of the bargain basement, the answer, naturally and inevitably, is—cotton.

Paris raked up the old Civil War slogan, "Cotton is King," connived with the fabric makers, and now comes out with the sports frock and the ensemble in cotton. Oh, so different! And so exclusive. Just what Madame wants for sunny Palm Beach or the Riviera.

Naturally, the new cottons that Paris couturiers are sitting up nights to create for the Southern resorts are not like the cotton fabrics we are familiar with.

These new cottons have the patterns and the texture of silk and wool. Yet they have the advantages of cotton. They pack without wrinkling; they wash without fading.

The great Rodier, who is probably the only French manufacturer of fabrics sufficiently opulent to produce cotton fabrics in quantity, made them. For France must get her raw cotton from Alabam', and it costs real money by the time it is woven and dyed.

The first and leading spirit in the inauguration of cotton frocks is Mary Nowitsky, whose name and fame are a sensation in Paris. Mary Nowitsky is Parisenne by training, and has lived in America, so she knows the game of style from both ends. Two of her cotton frock creations appear on this page. One is a typical sports ensemble of sweater, scarf, and skirt. At first glance it looks like an outfit in the familiar crepe de Chine. However, the sweater and scarf are of a silky-surfaced striped cotton, in tones of nasturtium—and that means peach, orange, brown, and pale yellow. The skirt is made of navy blue cotton, box plaited and trimmed with a wide band of the striped material that forms the sweater. Bands of navy blue trim the sweater and the scarf.

A COTTON sports frock with a jumper blouse in nasturtium tones; the blue skirt is banded in striped material.

THE fabric of this Mary Nowitsky frock is patterned like a man's-wear tweed, in two tones of dark blue.

JENNY trims this cocktail-dance frock with many tiny plaited ruffles. It is made of ash-rose crepe de Chine.

With all of the beauty of luxurious silk, and with every whit of its chic, this two-piece cotton frock has no fear of soap and water, and of bluing and the rinse it stands in no peril.

No more has the Mary Nowitsky model that looks like a three-piece ensemble. It makes use of a Rodier cotton fabric in navy and Nattier blue, printed or woven on a white ground. There is a little jacket that cannot part company with the dress because it is sewed on tight at the neck; a long waist; and a straight skirt. The material is patterned exactly like a checked English tweed. It is trimmed with bias bands and the pipings are of navy blue.

You get the idea? Paris, the intensely active guardian of good taste and chic, offers the cotton frock for every kind of Southern or summer sports affairs.

However, silk is not to be entirely discarded. For afternoon, at the Southern resorts, Paris has contrived novelties made of crepe de Chine and satin, so that we do not get jolted out of our ideas too completely.

ROSE crepe de Chine forms the collar and under bodice of this afternoon frock for the South, offered by Jenny.

The black crepe de Chine model by Jenny is the kind of afternoon frock that represents the apex of the Paris mode for the South. There are several snow-bound months yet to come before it will be seen north of the Mason and Dixon line. It has some new tricks that are worth remembering.

The frock proper is made of black crepe de Chine, and it has a big Quaker collar and surplice of pale rose crepe. The back of the waist is cut bolero, and shows an inner waist of rose crepe de Chine in the back.

The skirt is novel indeed. It is plaited, the plaits being stitched to just above the knees and held flat by diamond-shaped motifs of black crepe. From the end of the stitching these plaits are slit and form a fringe which shows the straight pink crepe de Chine skirt beneath.

THE dance frock, also by Jenny, demonstrates the trend toward the purely feminine dress and ensemble. The straight jacket has long ties and a collar made of a tucked and piped band of crepe de Chine, and it is trimmed with many plaited ruffles of the pink crepe de Chine that forms the jacket and frock. The skirt is made entirely of these ruffles, and the waist is a sleeveless affair of silver cut-out embroidery on crepe de Chine.

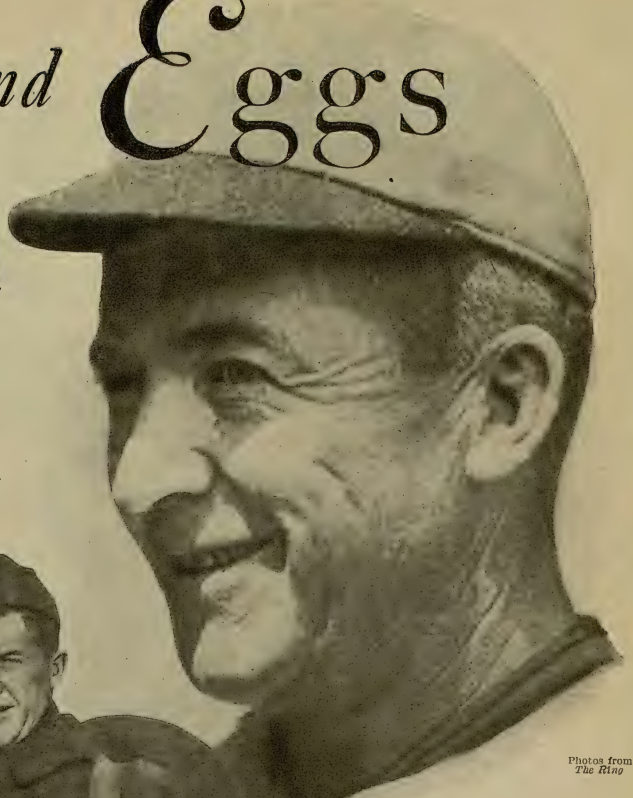
For the South, therefore, we have the cotton sports frock for morning, with the continued elegance of the silken ensemble for afternoon.

The Ham and Eggs of Baseball

How Alex the Great and His Buddy "Kil" Triumphed Through Fourteen Campaigns

An Article by

HUGH FULLERTON



Photos from *The Ring*

GROVER C. ALEXANDER (Alex the Great), the famous pitcher, above, and, at the left, in uniform during the World War.

WHEN Grover Cleveland Alexander—"Alex the Great"—pitched the last ball, and Bob O'Farrell, his fellow outcast from the Chicago Cubs, made that marvelous throw that ended the World's Series of 1926 in a triumph for the St. Louis Cardinals, the first person to throw his arms around Alex was Bill Killefer, of Paw Paw, Michigan, and way points.

"Alex and Kil" are, in baseball, what Damon and Pythias were. They are the Pork and Beans, the Spaghetti and Cheese, the Ham and Eggs of the national sport. For fourteen years the pair have been together. Thrice the fates of baseball have separated them and each time they have been brought together again.

It is probable that Killefer, beating Alexander on the back as Alex slouched away to escape the crowd swarming down from the stands, was happier over Alex's triumph than he would have been had he won that game himself.

The friendship between those two battery partners, begun in Philadelphia, is woven all through their careers. It is doubtful whether Alex ever would have been as great a pitcher had it not been for Killefer, and, but for Alex, Kil might not have reached the top of the baseball ladder.

Killefer also was Alexander's manager at one time, and now is his coach.

"I had a good year breaking in," said Alex modestly. "Things broke right for me and I had a lot of luck."

He neglected to mention that his work with the mediocre Philadelphia team startled the baseball world, that he was among the leading pitchers of the circuit, and that, in September of that season, he broke all the league records for consecutive shutouts, pitching four shutout games in succession on September 7, 13, 17, and 21.

His terrific speed, his fast breaking curve, and almost perfect control ruined the averages of even the best hitters. In his first season in the National League, against Chicago, New York, and Pittsburgh, which then were strong clubs, and with a team behind him that was just beginning to gain strength and caliber, Alex won 28 and lost 14 games, shut out seven teams, and revived Philadelphia's hope of a championship.

In 1912 Bill Killefer (or Killifer—as it was once spelled) joined the Phils, and between him and Alexander there sprang up an attachment as close or closer than that of "Me and Tony"—when Kid Baldwin caught and Tony Mullane pitched for Cincinnati; or between Cy Young and Lew Criger.

That year Alex won 19 and lost 17 games with a fifth-place club and ranked thirteenth among the pitchers. In 1912 he lifted Philadelphia to second place, winning 22 and losing 8 games, with seven shutouts. There was a temporary separation of the pair when Killefer jumped to the Federal League, but that soon was repaired. In 1914 Alex won 27 and lost 15 games, with six shutouts.

In 1915 he got some aid in the pitching department and the Phils won the National League championship, Alexander winning 31 and losing 10 games, and shutting out twelve opposing teams.

"Doggone," said Alex, recalling that year, which, with the following one, was his greatest, "I sure would like to pitch a no-hit game and never have been quite able to do it. That year I pitched five one-hit games. I had two of them in my mitt, and they got away. But, never mind, I'll get one yet, if the old whip doesn't lose its cracker entirely."

During the recent World's Series I heard someone remark that Alexander had pitched in another World's Series—that of 1915, against the Boston Red Sox—and didn't do so much. Alex won the first game of that series from Ernie Shore, 3 to 1. Oddly

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

enough, Babe Ruth came to bat as a pinch hitter in the ninth inning of that game and my score book shows Alex pitched him a slow curve inside the plate and Ruth bounded an easy one down to Fred Luderus at first.

Alex pitched the third game of the series and was beaten by Dutch Leonard, 2 to 1. He had a sore arm and did not work again. Philadelphia lost each of four games by one run, and three of them 2 to 1.

"What was the greatest game you ever pitched?" I inquired.

"I think the one I pitched against Uncle Cy Young a long time ago—I've forgotten the year. I won that game one to nothing, and held them to one hit. We had just one chance to score and were lucky enough to get a run, and they never got a man past first base. I'll always remember that game."

In 1916 Alexander had almost as good a season as in 1915, winning 33 and losing 12 games, shutting out sixteen teams, and ranking first among the pitchers in percentage of hits a game. His team was beaten out of the pennant on the last day of the race.

ALEXANDER pitched to 1,500 batters that season, gave fifty bases on balls, and had several more one-hit games.

"Yea," interjected Killefer, who was listening, "and them dam-umps gave most of them."

In 1917 the Phils finished second, Alex winning 30 and losing 14 games.

After that remarkable record and with Alex and Kil the idols of the city, Philadelphia awoke one morning to learn they had been sold to the Chicago Cubs. If the Liberty Bell had been sold to England; or William Penn's statue stolen from the City Hall, there could not have been much more indignation.

"I was in Omaha, visiting friends, when I picked up a paper and read it," Alex told me. "I was a little sore at first, but I didn't mind much, since Kil was going with me."

"We were getting into the war," Alex continued simply. "I didn't have much heart for baseball in 1918. I figured we ball players ought to be doing something. I wanted to get married and to go to war. Playing baseball seemed kind of wasting time then."

He pitched a few games in '18 and then was summoned to the army.

"I wanted action and they sure gave it to me," he said. "I jumped out home and married Amy Arrants, a home-town girl, and went right to Camp Funston. Forty-eight hours afterward I was on my way to France. They sure didn't have to teach me to shoot."

Alex is right. He is one of the best trap and field shots in the Middle West.

"They needed men," he said. "I was with the Eighty-ninth. We went in with a rush and got into that St. Mihiel drive. I was up front seventy-two hours and no pitcher ever scared me with a bean ball since."

"Did you pitch any?" I asked.

"I sure heaved some of those grenades," he said. "We were all set for another push when the Armistice came. I felt a little today [that was the evening of the finish of the 1926 World's Series] like I felt at eleven o'clock that morning, when the firing ceased."

"And after that?" I prompted, seeing the big, earnest fellow had forgotten for a moment we were talking baseball.

"Went on with the Army of Occupation," he said; "up near Coblenz. Had a lot of fun and learned a lot, but don't want to repeat. They were good to me and released me in time to come home for the next season."

P. & A. photo

ALEXANDER also is a keen trap shooter.

Alex did not complain that, while he was in the army, his team, the Cubs, won the pennant and played in the World's Series.

HE went back to Chicago in 1919, won 17 and lost 9 games, and was second among the pitchers. In 1920, with a weak team, he won 27 and lost 14 games, again leading the National League pitchers. Although his team finished seventh in 1921, Alexander won 15 and lost 13 games and the next year won 16 and lost 13.

Killefer became manager of the Cubs then and Alex worked harder than ever, winning 22 and losing 12 games, ranking fourth among the pitchers, with a fifth-place club behind him. Then, in 1924, he won 12 and lost 5 games with a club that finished eighth, and came back in 1925 to win 15 and lose 11.

In all those years, regardless of the team behind him, he never had a season in which he lost more games than he won and, counting World's Series, he has chalked up nearly ninety shutout games, holds the record of sixteen shutouts in one season, and of four consecutive shutouts.

"How do you manage to keep it up, Alex?" I asked, marveling at his endurance and lasting power.

"Had to change my system of slants," he said, grinning. "Up to six or seven years ago I didn't have to know much about pitching. When I got back from the war I was afraid the old arm might go, and commenced to study pitching.

"I watched Matty pitching that fadeaway of his, and decided to learn to pitch it, so as to have something if ever the old soup bone went bad.

"I worked five years before I got it where I wanted it. Anyone can go out and throw that ball with a few minutes' practice, but the secret of it is to get control of it or it isn't worth a doggone. But when I needed that fader, I had it."

THE ball to which Alex refers resembles in many ways the fadeaway thrown by Christy Mathewson, but is not exactly the same. Among players it is referred to as the "screwball," and is pitched with the hand turned almost upside down as it releases the ball, which leaves the hand from between the second and third fingers and over the ends and part of the sides of the first two fingers. It reaches the plate looking like a fast ball, then "fades," or seems to skid, down and away from the batter.

There were rumors in baseball last winter, when the Chicago owners secured Joe McCarthy, a minor-league manager, and put him in charge of the club, that there would be changes. Alexander, however, had become almost an idol among the Chicago fans, and was regarded as a great asset.

He started this season fairly well, with a green, untried team of kids behind him, and then, with the season moving along and the Cubs surprising the prophets by doing better than they figured to do, the news flashed out that Alexander would be sold.

The charge was made that Alex had been violating training rules, and that he was exerting a baneful influence over certain other players on the team.

Bob O'Farrell, the star catcher of the team, had been disposed of on similar counts the year before, and was catching for St. Louis. Killefer, after being "canned" as manager of the Cubs, had gone to St. Louis as coach of the team and helper for Manager Hornsby.

So, in midseason, the Three Musketeers of baseball foregathered with the Cardinals.

The story of why Alex left the Cubs never has been adequately told, and, in a succeeding article, I will tell Alex's own version.

This is the third article about Alex the Great. A fourth and concluding article will appear in an early issue of LIBERTY.

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

LIBERTY asks twenty questions every week. *You* send them in, together with the answers. For every question and answer *published*, we will pay $5. Be sure to include answers with your questions. How many of these do you know?

1—What insects capture and domesticate other insects?—*Billy Hemeter, Hattiesburg, Miss.*

2—What is the oldest State university in America?—*Richard L. Young, Charlotte, N. C.*

3—What State has no bigamy laws?—*Bernard Poland, Rahway, N. J.*

4—What bird carries its young in its feet when flying?—*Leonelle P. Maycumber, Jacksonville, Fla.*

5—When did the Mormon Church renounce polygamy?—*Isabel Macalister, Wilmette, Ill.*

6—What is the longest term of office of any government official?—*Mrs. P. S. Sane, Jacksonville, Fla.*

7—What American college has a smoking-room for its girl students?—*Mrs. James Briener, Liberty, N. Y.*

8—Who built the iron framework of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty?—*Mrs. Landis Herr, Lititz, Pa.*

9—Where did the word Dixie originate?—*Mrs. Charles L. Rittenhouse, Birmingham, Ala.*

10—In what country is a woman's signature not valid?—*Mrs. Arthur Theriault, Manchester, N. H.*

11—When and by whom was our present system of punctuation devised?—*Gilbert Weston, Union, N. Y.*

12—What famous Roman put his own sons to death for disobeying orders during a military campaign?—*R. L. Hughes, Denver, Colo.*

13—What was the longest nonstop flight made by the American army around-the-world flyers?—*D. M. King, El Paso, Tex.*

14—When and where were the first speed laws enacted?—*L. W. McWane, Fredericksburg, Va.*

15—What was the postage on a letter from New York to Virginia in 1792?—*George Stade, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

16—What country has a postal system not run by the government?—*Stephen A. Butryman, Hartford, Conn.*

17—In which one of our United States is there no radio broadcasting station?—*K. K. Weaver, New Lebanon, Ohio.*

18—What newspaper has been published without intermission for 1,400 years?—*C. S. Flyers, Toronto, Ont.*

19—What shellfish (bivalve) other than the oyster produces a genuine pearl?—*D. O. Furr, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

20—What is the standard gauge for railroad track used by American railways?—*G. Henry Slye, Washington, D. C.*

See the Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—Did Francis Scott Key write both words and music of The Star-Spangled Banner?—*Charlotte M. Angier, Green Spring, W. Va.*
A.—The music was that of a drinking song composed by John Spofford Smith for the Anacreonic Club in London, about 1780.

2—What State was the first to import race horses?—*Z. Rothschild, New York, N. Y.*
A.—Virginia. The first race horse imported was Bulle Rock, in 1730.

3—When did the United States adopt standard time?—*Mrs. W. H. Craig, Syracuse, N. Y.*
A.—November 18, 1883.

4—What two States have not ratified the Prohibition Amendment?—*George M. Mackenzie, Central Falls, R. I.*
A.—Rhode Island and New Jersey.

5—What are the seven hibernating animals?—*Phyllis E. Walker, Long Hill, Conn.*
A.—Skunk, woodchuck, chipmunk, bat, jumping mouse, raccoon, and black bear.

6—What country forbids women to use cosmetics?—*Mrs. Fred Goeppinger, Des Moines, Ia.*
A.—Esthonia.

7—What dog has had the unique distinction of being figured on a postage stamp of his native land?—*F. L. Whelton, Jamaica Plain, Mass.*
A.—The Newfoundland.

8—What State was the first to abolish slavery?—*Martha C. Davis, Denver, Colo.*
A.—Vermont.

9—What two American poets are honored with memorials in Westminster Abbey?—*Louise Turner, New Bedford, Mass.*
A.—Longfellow and Emerson.

10—Who is the only person authorized to sign the President's name?—*Mrs. C. S. Hays, Armstrong, Ia.*
A.—A woman in the General Land Office who affixes the President's signature to public land grants.

11—Who invented the piano, and when was the first one built?—*Henry A. Eyles, San Diego, Calif.*
A.—Bartolommeo di Francesco Cristofori, an Italian, who built the first one in 1726.

12—What causes sleeping sickness?—*Thomas Carty, New York, N. Y.*
A.—The bite of the tsetse fly.

13—What bird mates only once?—*Mary Brown, Indianapolis, Ind.*
A.—The dove.

14—What was formerly the name of Paris, and in what year was it changed?—*Margot Meeker, Ottawa, Ont.*
A.—Lutetia. Changed in 1184.

15—Where did Sing Sing get its name?—*Hugo Hellman, Milwaukee, Wis.*
A.—Sing Sing gets its name from the Sin-Sinck Indians, original inhabitants of the region in which the prison now stands.

16—What is the highest office held by a woman in the government of the United States, and who holds it?—*William W. Travell, Pueblo, Colo.*
A.—Assistant Attorney General. Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

17—What metal does not contract or expand?—*William R. Sweeley, Galveston, Tex.*
A.—Invar, used in the pendulums of master clocks.

18—What was the longest calendar year on record?—*Robert H. Brown, Atlantic City, N. J.*
A.—17 B. C. By order of Julius Caesar, it contained 445 days in order to make the seasons conform to the solar year.

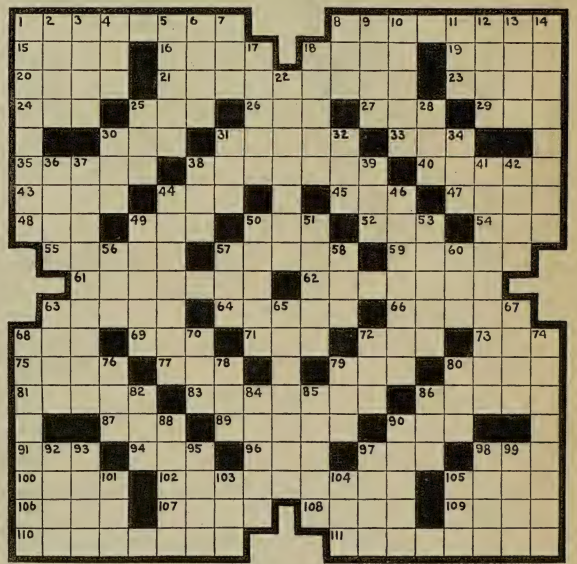
19—Who is the only woman that ever served as a United States Senator?—*Mrs. Maude Tappan, Athens, Ga.*
A.—Mrs. Rebecca Felton of Georgia, appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by death of Thomas E. Watson.

20—What tribe of Indians in the United States is not under Federal guardianship?—*Mrs. S. Lewis Simons, Summerville, S. C.*
A.—The Catawbas, in South Carolina. South Carolina is unique in being sole guardian of the Indian tribe within her borders.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.

$25 *for* CROSS WORDS

THE puzzle below won $25 because it has no technical words and because the interlock is so good. Send in your offering; but, remember, all parts of the puzzle must interlock and no obsolete or technical words may be used. (Entries are not returned unless accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope.) Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 16

By MAY S. CARDIN, Seattle, Washington

HORIZONTAL

1 The effect of the helm on a ship
8 Of the bank of a river
15 An opera by Verdi
16 A slatternly woman
18 Valuable to a degree seldom found
19 Without worth or basis
20 Toothed wheel
21 One that mollifies
23 Prefix signifying half
24 That part of an anchor from the crown to the fluke
25 Hard stone of a fruit
26 A heavenly body
27 A point
29 Droop
30 The mother of Osiris in Egyptian mythology
31 Pattern
33 A stroke in the game of tennis
35 A species of iris
38 A vault
40 Native deputy or viceroy in India
43 To render turbid
44 Viscous substance from plants
45 A unit of weight
47 A constellation
48 To corrode
49 Fury
50 A grimace
52 Court
54 Over
55 To cherish
57 Bestower
59 A ship of the Norse vikings
61 Half gable at the end of a church aisle.
62 Capable of solution
63 Swell
64 Moderately warm
66 Mendacious persons
68 A Portuguese money of account
69 Assembled for a common purpose
71 Still
72 Perched
73 To broadcast, as an opinion
75 The part of a church containing the chancel
77 Disease of plant tissues
79 Any tribunal
80 A monster
81 A piece of buffoonery
83 Herald of good tidings (Luke i)
86 Smooth
87 Adverbial particle
89 Sycophant
90 The land east of Eden where Cain took refuge
91 Mountain
94 The male of certain animals
96 Past
97 The lamprey
98 A cardinal number
100 South African farmer
102 Flat
105 A cubic measure
106 Knowledge
107 A shield
108 Carried forward, as a ship by the impulse of a wave
109 Of the mouth
110 Affecting great numbers
111 Reply to an objection in formal disputation

VERTICAL

1 An American Indian chief
2 A row
3 A city in the Netherlands
4 Attention
5 To permit ingress
6 Firmness of mind or spirit
7 Devour
8 Deserter of a cause
9 A golf club
10 Jeopardy
11 Deliver from
12 A day of the ancient Roman month
13 A character in Spenser's Faerie Queene
14 To draw into close association
17 Bovine animal
18 Hindu queen
22 Small fresh-water fish
25 Matter
28 Buddhist festival of Japan
30 Nothing
31 A sort of strong ale or beer
32 Abraham's nephew
34 The cry of a sheep
36 A kind of grain leather
37 One devoted to formal and symbolic worship
38 Directly
39 Presently
41 Commission
42 Molding
44 Welcomer
46 Pertaining to a protuberance
49 Mohammedanism
50 Cash
51 To put in place
53 Skull cavity containing the eye and appendages
56 Familiar name of a South American capital
57 A speck
58 A wand
60 A wing
63 A vegetable
65 A record of nobility
67 Parent
68 Legible
70 To dress
72 Salt
74 Re-ignite
76 A metal
78 Coarse cloth made from jute
79 A Turkish title
80 Long lived
82 A cover or sheath
84 Craft (plural)
85 Images
86 Silver coin of Peru
88 Symbol used in Indian worship
90 Haunts of vicious characters
92 A fold of cord or ribbon on a uniform
93 A fairy
95 Priestly order of ancient Persia
97 Anglo-Saxon slave
98 Disrupted
99 Periods
101 Political radical
103 Word inserted to denote a literal quotation
104 Ever
105 Call of a bird

C	H	A	S	T	E		P	R	O	P	O	S	E	D		
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Answer to Puzzle No. 15

The Small Bachelor

The Funniest Story Ever Written By the Master of Comedy

GEORGE FINCH, Greenwich Village artist, started the day expecting to be married at high noon, and barely past the cool of the evening sees the hoosegow staring him in the face for felonious assault on an officer of the law.

George, the fiance of Molly Waddington, society heiress, had stepped into the Purple Chicken, a notorious Village cafe, on an evening when the law had descended in full dress regalia to execute a raid. He was almost trapped by Garroway, the policeman-poet, but escaped by upsetting the table and enveloping Garroway in the tablecloth.

George fled to his own apartment next door and hid under a bed, where he learned that his was not the only scrambled romance that was being used as a football by fate. Mullett, his valet, had become a bridegroom that day, and J. Hamilton Beamish, his pal, was about to wed Madame Eulalie, the society palmist, who was really May Stubbs.

But George's own woes were sufficient to discourage a stouter spirit than his. Mrs. Waddington, Molly's stepmother, was determined that he should not marry Molly. The fact that Sigsbee H. Waddington, Molly's father, favored the match made things worse, for that poor sap was less than a cipher in his own home. George enlisted the co-operation of Beamish, fixer par excellence.

Molly thought George was poor and planned to sell her $50,000 pearl necklace. That put Sigsbee H. in a bad spot, for he had snipped the necklace to raise money for the purchase of worthless motion-picture stock. The unsuspecting Garroway gave Mr. Waddington $300 for the stock and he used the money to bribe Fanny Welch, Mullett's pickpocket bride.

Fanny stole the necklace from the Waddington home on the day of the marriage of Molly and George, and created such a hubbub that there was no marriage. Mrs. Waddington determined to expose George as a moral leper. She barely avoided arrest by hurling pepper into the face of Officer Garroway, and later found herself trapped in the apartment of Editor Biffen, where she overheard her butler, Ferris, plotting.

Mr. Waddington's film company struck oil and he was eager to get his stock back, so he came to New York looking for Garroway, whose name he had forgotten. Molly yearned only to comfort her dear, darling Georgie. All converged upon George's apartment at the Sheridan. Anything can happen.

PART FIFTEEN

IT had taken George some considerable time to establish connection with the Waddington home at Hempstead; but he had done it at last, only to be informed that Molly did not appear to be on the premises. She had driven up in her two-seater, a Swedish voice gave him to understand, but after remaining in the house a short while had driven off again.

"Fine!" said George.

A yeasty feeling of pleasure and good will toward his species filled him as he hung up the receiver. If Molly had started back for New York, he might expect to see her at any moment now. His heart swelled; and the fact that he was in the unfortunate position of being a fugitive from justice, and the additional fact that the bloodhound of the law most interested in his movements was probably somewhere very close at hand, entirely escaped him. Abandoning the caution that should have been the first thought of one situated as he was, he burst into jovial song.

"HEY, Pinch!"

George, who had been climbing toward a high note, came back to earth again, chilled and apprehensive. His first impulse was to dash for his bedroom and hide under the bed—a thing he knew himself to be good at. Then his intelligence asserted itself and panic waned. Only one man of his acquaintance could have addressed him as "Hey, Pinch!"

"Is that Mr. Waddington?" he murmured, opening the door of the sitting-room and peering in.

"Sure it's Mr. Waddington." The reek of a lively young cigar assailed George's nostrils. "Don't you have any lights in this joint?"

"Are there any policemen about?" asked George in a conspiratorial undertone.

"There's one policeman down in young Beamish's apartment," replied Mr. Waddington, with a fruity chuckle. "He's just sold me all his holdings in the Finer and Better Motion Picture Company of Hollywood, California, for three hundred smackers, and I've come here to celebrate. Set up the drinks," said Mr. Waddington.

George switched on the light. If the enemy was in as distant a spot as Hamilton Beamish's apartment, prudence might be relaxed.

"'At's right," said Mr. Waddington, welcoming the illumination. He was leaning against a bookshelf, with his hat on the back of his head and a cigar between his lips. "I've got a smart business head, Pinch," he said, shooting the cigar from due east to due west with a single movement of his upper lip. "I'm the guy with the big brain."

Although all the data that he had been able to accumulate in the course of their acquaintanceship went directly to prove the opposite, George was not inclined to combat the statement. He had weightier matters to occupy him than an academic discussion of the mentality of this poor fish.

"I found that girl," he said.

"What girl?"

"The girl who stole the necklace. And I've got the necklace."

He had selected a subject that gripped. Mr. Waddington's eyes widened.

"You don't say!"

"Here it is."

"Gimme!" said Mr. Waddington.

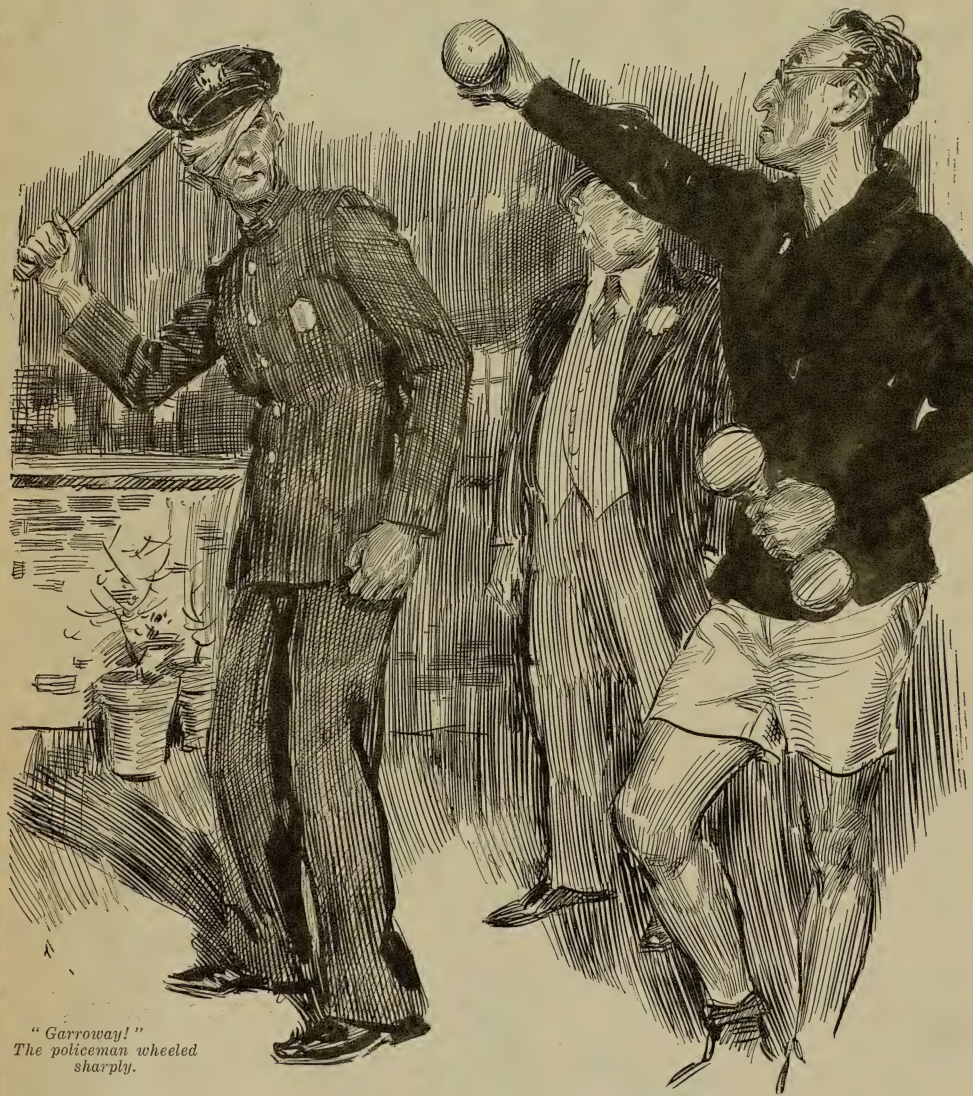
George dangled the necklace undecidedly.

"I think I ought to hand it over to Molly."

"You'll hand it over to me," said Mr. Wad-

A Serial by P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



"Garroway!" The policeman wheeled sharply.

dington with decision. "I'm the head of the family, and from now on I act as such. Too long, Pinch, have I allowed myself to be trampled beneath the iron heel and generally kicked in the face with spiked shoes, if you get my meaning. I now assert myself. Starting from today and onward through the years till my friends and relatives gather about my bier and whisper, 'Doesn't he look peaceful?' what I say goes.

"Gimme that necklace. I intend to have it reset or something. Either that, or I shall sell it and give Molly the proceeds. In any case, and be that as it may, gimme that necklace!"

George gave it to him. There was a strange new atmosphere of authority about Sigsbee H. tonight that made one give him things when he asked for them.

"Pinch," said Mr. Waddington.

"Finch," said George.

"GEORGE," said a voice at the window, speaking with a startling abruptness that caused Mr. Waddington to jerk his cigar into his eye.

A wave of emotion poured over George.

"Molly! Is that you?"

"Yes, darling. Here I am."

"How quick you've been."

"I hurried."

"Though it seems hours since you went away."

"Does it really, precious?"

Mr. Waddington was still shaken.

"If I had been told that any daughter of mine would come and bark at me from behind like that," he said querulously, "I would not have believed it."

"Oh, father! There you are. I didn't see you."

"There," said Mr. Waddington, "is right. You nearly scared the top of my head off."

"I'm sorry."

"Molly, my angel," said George vibrantly. "Fancy your really being with me once more!"

"Yes, Georgie darling. And what I wanted to say was, I believe there's somebody in your sleeping-porch."

"What!"

"I'm sure I heard voices."

THE news that there was somebody in his sleeping-porch caused George to seethe with pique and indignation. It seemed to him that the entire population of New York had come to look on his sleeping-porch as a public resort. No sooner had he ejected one batch of visitors than another took its place.

With a wordless exclamation, he rushed out upon the roof, closely followed by Molly and her father. Molly was afraid he would get hurt; Sigsbee H. was afraid he would not. It had been a big night for Sigsbee H. Waddington, and he did not want it to end tamely.

"Have your gun ready," advised Sigsbee H., keeping well in the rear.

George reached the door of the sleeping-porch, and smote it a lusty blow.

"Hi!" he cried. He twisted the handle. "Good heavens, it's locked!"

From the upper window, softened by distance, came a pleading voice.

"I say! I say! I say!" called Lord Hunstanton. "I say, whoever you are, dear old soul, let us out, would you mind?"

George ground his teeth.

"What do you mean, 'whoever you are'? I'm George Finch, and that sleeping-porch belongs to me."

"Good old George! Hunstanton speaking. Let us out, George, old top, like the sportsman you are!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

Betting Millions On Morals

By
FLORABEL MUIR

The inside story of the world's greatest espionage and how it unearths the hidden facts of our innermost lives.

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

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[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

"What are you doing in there?"

"A policeman locked us in. And a blighter of a butler, after promising to undo the door, told some thin story about not being able to find the key, and legged it with all our available assets. So play the man, dear old George, and blessings will reward you. Also and moreover, by acting promptly you will save the life of my dear good friend and hostess here, who has been hiccoughing for some little time, and is, I rather fancy, on the point of hysterics."

"What are you talking about?"

"Mrs. Waddington."

"Is Mrs. Waddington in there with you?"

"Is she not, laddie!"

George drew in his breath sharply.

"Mother," he said reproachfully, through the keyhole, "I had not expected this!"

Sigsbee H. Waddington uttered a fearful cry.

"My wife! In there! With a man with a toothbrush mustache! Let *me* talk to them!"

"Who was that?" asked Lord Hunstanton.

"Mr. Waddington," replied George, as a scream rent the air.

"I say, George, old man," queried his lordship anxiously, "what do you do when a woman starts turning blue and making little bubbling noises?"

Sigsbee H., finding that a man of his stature could not hope to speak to any advantage through the window unless he stood on something, had darted across the roof and was now returning with one of the potted shrubs in his arms. The wildness of his eyes, and the fact that even in this supreme moment he had gone on puffing at his cigar, gave him a striking resemblance to a fire-breathing dragon. He bumped the tub down and, like a man who rises on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things, elevated himself upon it.

THIS brought him nicely within range of the window and enabled him to push Lord Hunstanton in the face, which was all to the good. His lordship staggered back, leaving the way clear for the injured man to gaze upon his erring wife.

"Ha!" said Sigsbee H. Waddington.

"I can explain everything, Sigsbee!"

Mr. Waddington pshawed.

"Nerve," he said, "in its proper place and when there's not too much of it, I admire. But when a woman has the crust to disparage the morals of one of the finest young fellows who ever came out of the golden West, and then I happen to pop into New York on important business and find her closeted with a man with a toothbrush mustache, and she has the audacity to say she can explain everything——"

Here Mr. Waddington paused to take in breath.

"Sigsbee!"

"It's living in this soul-destroying East that does it," proceeded Mr. Waddington, having refilled his thoracic cavities. "If I've said it once, I've said it a hundred times, that——"

"But, Sigsbee, I couldn't help it. A policeman locked us in."

"What were you doing up here, anyway?"

"I came to see what that Finch was doing. And I heard him in here talking to an abandoned creature."

Mr. Waddington directed a questioning gaze at George.

"Have you been talking to any abandoned creatures tonight?"

"Of course he hasn't!" cried Molly indignantly.

"I have spoken with no one of the opposite sex," said George, with dignity, "except the girl who stole the necklace. And that was a purely business discussion which would not have brought a blush to the cheek of the sternest critic."

"You hear?" said Mr. Waddington.

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Waddington.

"Well, take it from me that this splendid young man from the West is as pure as driven snow. So now let's hear from you once more. Why did the policeman lock you in?"

"We had a misunderstanding."

"How?"

"Well, I — er — happened to throw a little pepper in his face."

"Sweet artichokes of Jerusalem! Why?"

"He found me in Mr. Finch's apartment and wanted to arrest me."

Mr. Waddington's voice grew cold and grim.

"Indeed?" he said. "Well, this finishes it! If you can't live in the East without spending your time throwing pepper at policemen, you'll come straight out with me to the West before you start attacking them with hatchets. That is my final and unalterable decision. Come West, woman, where hearts are pure, and there try to start a new life."

"I will, Sigsbee, I will."

"You bet your permanent henna hair-wash you will!"

"I'll buy the transportation tomorrow."

"No, sir!" Mr. Waddington with a grand gesture nearly overbalanced the tub on which he stood. "*I* will buy the transportation tomorrow. You will be interested to learn that, owing to commercial transactions resulting from the possession of a smart business head, I am now once more an exceedingly wealthy man and able to buy all the transportation this family requires and to run this family as it should be run. I'm the big noise now. Yes, me—Sigsbee Horatio."

THE tub tilted sideways, and the speaker staggered into the arms of Officer Garroway, who had come up to the roof to see how his prisoners were getting on and was surprised to find himself plunged

"You bet your permanent henna hair-wash you will!" Sigsbee H. Waddington informed his wife.

into the middle of what appeared to be a debating society.

The policeman eyed him coldly. The fever of dislike he had felt toward this man had passed, but he could never look on him as a friend. Moreover, Mr. Waddington, descending from the tub, had stamped heavily on his right foot, almost the only portion of his anatomy that had up till then come unscathed through the adventures of the night.

"What's all this?" inquired Officer Garroway.

His eye fell upon George, and he uttered that low, sinister growl which is heard only from the throats of leopards seeking their prey, tigers about to give battle, and New York policemen who come unexpectedly upon the men who have thrown tablecloths over them and hit them in the eye.

"So there you are!" said Officer Garroway.

He poised his night stick in his hand and moved softly forward. Molly flung herself in his path with a cry.

"Stop!"

"Miss," said the policeman courteously, as was his wont in the presence of the sex, "oblige me by getting to hell out of here."

"Garroway!"

THE policeman wheeled sharply. Only one man in the world would have been able to check his dreadful designs at that moment, and that man had now joined the group. Clad in a sweater and a pair of running shorts, Hamilton Beamish made a strangely dignified and picturesque figure as he stood there with the moonlight glinting on his horn-rimmed spectacles. He wore soft shoes with rubber soles and he was carrying a pair of dumb-bells. Hamilton Beamish was a man who lived by schedule, and not all that he had passed through that day could blur his mind to the fact that this was the hour at which he did his before-retiring dumb-bell exercises.

"What is the trouble, Garroway?"

"Well, Mr. Beamish——"

Confused voices interrupted him:

"He was trying to murder George."

"He's got my wife locked up in this room."

"The brute!"

"Darned fresh guy!"

"George didn't do a thing to him."

"My wife only threw a little pepper in his face."

Hamilton Beamish raised a compelling dumb-bell.

"Please, please! Garroway, state your case."

He listened attentively.

"Unlock that door," he said, when all was told.

The policeman unlocked the door. Mrs. Waddington, followed by Lord Hunstanton, emerged. Lord Hunstanton eyed Mr. Waddington warily and sidled with an air of carelessness toward the stairway. Accelerating his progress as he neared the door, he vanished abruptly. Lord Hunstanton was a well bred man who hated a fuss, and every instinct told him that this was one. He was better elsewhere, he decided.

"GEORGE," said Mrs. Waddington, "I have misjudged you. I could wish Molly no better husband."

"STOP that man!" ejaculated Officer Garroway. He turned back, with a darkening brow. "Now he's gone!" he said somberly. "And he was wanted by the police."

"You are mistaken, Garroway," said Hamilton Beamish. "That was Lord Hunstanton, a personal acquaintance of mine."

"You knew him, Mr. Beamish?"

"Quite."

"Do you know her?" asked the policeman, pointing to Mrs. Waddington.

"Intimately."

"And him?" said Officer Garroway, indicating George.

"He is one of my best friends."

The policeman heaved a dreary sigh. He relapsed into silence, baffled.

"The whole affair," said Hamilton Beam-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

ish, "appears to have been due to a foolish misunderstanding. This lady, Garroway, is the stepmother of this young lady here, to whom Mr. Finch should have been married today. There was some little trouble, I understand from Mr. Waddington, and she was left with the impression that Mr. Finch's morals were not all they should have been. Later, facts came to light that convinced her of her error, and she hastened to New York to seek Mr. Finch out and tell him that all was well and that the marriage would proceed with her full approval. That is correct, Mrs. Waddington?"

Mrs. Waddington gulped. For a moment her eye seemed about to assume its well known expression of a belligerent fish. But her spirit was broken. She was not the woman she had been. She had lost the old form.

"Yes—yes. That is to say—I mean yes," she replied huskily.

"You called at Mr. Finch's apartment with no other motive than to tell him this?"

"None—or, rather—no, none!"

"In fact, to put the thing in a nutshell, you wished to find your future son-in-law and fold him in a mother-in-law's embrace. Am I right?"

This time the pause before Mrs. Waddington found herself able to reply was more marked. She gazed at George Finch long and lingeringly. Then she spoke.

"Quite right," she said huskily.

"Excellent," said Hamilton Beamish. "So you see, Garroway, that Mrs. Waddington's reasons for being in the apartment where you found her were wholly admirable. That clears up that point."

"It doesn't clear up why she threw pepper in my face."

Hamilton Beamish nodded.

"There, Garroway," he said, "you have put your finger on the one aspect of Mrs. Waddington's behavior which was not completely unexceptionable. As regards the pepper, you have, it seems to me, legitimate cause for pique and, indeed, solid grounds for an action for assault and battery. But Mrs. Waddington is a reasonable woman, and will, no doubt, be willing to settle this little matter in a way acceptable to all parties."

"I will pay him whatever he wants," cried the reasonable woman. "Anything, anything!"

"HEY!"

It was the voice of Sigsbee H. He stood there, forceful and dominant. His cigar had gone out and he was chewing the dry remains aggressively.

"Say, listen!" said Sigsbee H. Waddington. "If there's any bribing of the police to be done, it's my place to do it, as the head of the family. Look me up at my little place at Hempstead tomorrow, Gallagher, and we'll have a talk. You will find me a generous man. Open-handed. Western."

"Capital," said Hamilton Beamish. "So everything is happily settled."

There was not much of Officer Garroway's face that was not concealed by the bandage and the steak, but on the small residuum there appeared a look of doubt and dissatisfaction.

"And what about this bird here?" he asked, indicating George.

"This individual before me," corrected Hamilton Beamish. "What about him, Garroway?"

"He soaked me in the eye."

"No doubt in a spirit of wholesome fun. Where did this happen?"

"Down there in the Purple Chicken."

"Ah! Well, if you knew that restaurant better, you would understand that that sort of thing is the merest commonplace of everyday life at the Purple Chicken. You must overlook it, Garroway."

"Very well, Mr. Beamish," said the policeman resignedly.

Mrs. Waddington was plucking at her husband's sleeve.

"Sigsbee."

"Hello?"

"Sigsbee dear, I'm starving. I have had nothing to eat since luncheon. There is some wonderful soup in there."

"Let's go," said Sigsbee H. "You coming?" he said to George.

"I thought of taking Molly off somewhere."

"Oh, no; do come with us, George," said Mrs. Waddington winningly. She drew closer to him. "George, is it really true that you hit that policeman in the eye?"

"Yes."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, he was trying to arrest me, so I threw a tablecloth over his head and then plugged him a couple of rather juicy ones that made him leave go."

Mrs. Waddington's eyes glistened. She put her arm through his.

"George," she said, "I have misjudged you. I could wish Molly no better husband."

HAMILTON BEAMISH stood in the moonlight, swinging his dumb-bells. Having done this for a while, he embarked on a few simple setting-up exercises. He stood with his feet some six inches apart, his toes turned slightly out; then, placing his hands on his hips, thumbs back, bent slightly forward from the shoulders—not from the hips. He retracted the lower abdomen, and, holding it retracted, leaned well over to the left side, contracting the muscles of the left side forcibly. He kept his legs straight all the time, his knees stiff. He reversed to the right side and repeated twenty times—ten right, ten left. This exercise was done slowly and steadily, without jerking.

"Aha!" said Hamilton Beamish, relaxing. "Splendid for the transversalis muscle, that, converting it into a living belt which girds the loins. Have you ever given considered thought to the loins, Garroway?"

The policeman shook his head.

"Not that I know of," he said indifferently. "I've seen 'em in the Bronx Zoo."

Hamilton Beamish eyed him with concern.

"Garroway," he said, "you seem distrait."

"If that's how a feller is when he's been hit and punched and stepped on and had pepper thrown at him and tablecloths put over his head, I've got a swell license to seem distrait," replied the policeman bitterly. "And on top of all that, when I thought I had made a cop——"

"Brought about an arrest."

"——brought about an arrest which would have got me promotion, I find they're all friends of yours and have to be allowed to make a clean getaway. That's what jars me, Mr. Beamish."

Hamilton Beamish patted him on the shoulder.

"Every poet, Garroway, has to learn in suffering before he can teach in song. Look at Keats! Look at Chatterton! One of these days you will be thankful that all this has happened. It will be the making of you. Besides, think of the money you are going to get from Mr. Waddington tomorrow."

"I'd give it all for one long, cool drink now."

"Mr. Garroway."

The policeman looked up. Molly was standing in the window.

"Mr. Garroway," said Molly, "a most mysterious thing has happened. Mr. Finch has found two large bottles of champagne in his cupboard. He can't think how they got there, but he says, would you care to come and see whether they are good or not?"

The cloud that had hung about the policeman's face passed from it as if beneath some magic spell. His tongue came slowly out of his mouth and moved lovingly over his arid lips. His one visible eye gleamed with the light that never was on land or sea.

"Are you with me, Mr. Beamish?" he asked.

"I precede you, Mr. Garroway," said Hamilton Beamish.

THE END

There will be a short story by P. G. Wodehouse in the January 8 issue of LIBERTY. It's called Jeeves and the Impending Doom.

NEXT WEEK

Another short story of

War Birds

ODYSSEY, 1918

By Captain Elliott W. Springs

HEROES whose exploits you read about in WAR BIRDS live again in this dramatic tale of an American airman who found the end of the rainbow—and something else besides. Don't miss it.

In Next Week's LIBERTY

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

An Unfinished Story

DOROTHY (aged seven, to brother): Tell me a lesson in history, Billy.

BILLY: All right. Do you know who Patrick Henry was?

DOROTHY: No, tell me about him.

BILLY: Why, he was the man who said, "Give me liberty or give me death."

Silence for a full minute.

DOROTHY: Go on, Billy. What did they give him?—W. R. H., Dallas, Tex.

* * *

He Who Laughs Last

Six-year-old Billie, descending the basement stairs, was carrying two chickens. They were to be killed the following day for company dinner. With each step that he took, the chickens pecked at his bare little legs.

"That's all right," exclaimed Billie. "You may get the best of me now, but I'll get the best of you later."—Miss E. S., Hamilton, Ohio.

* * *

A Young Philosopher

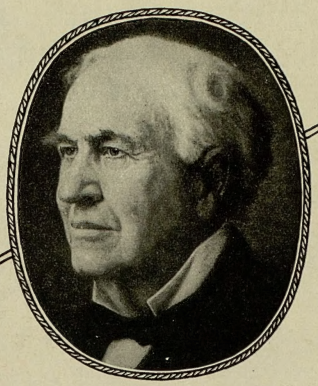
Frances came to the ice-cream booth at a picnic for her sixth ice-cream cone. The woman at the booth said:

"Why, Frances, you shouldn't eat so much ice cream; you'll be sick."

"Oh," said Frances, "that doesn't make any difference. I'm always sick after picnics, anyway."—Miss D. H. B., Sullivan Co., N. Y.

Tell Your Parents, Boys!

Thomas A. Edison Got His Start



Selling Magazines!

WHEN Thomas A. Edison, inventive genius, was a boy he wanted a "lab," with chemicals and test-tubes and electrical instruments to use in experiments. All of these things cost money and Edison hadn't any. But did he let that worry him? No, he got a job on the Grand Trunk Railroad, selling periodicals to the passengers. With the money he earned he started his experiments. What he learned became the foundation for his great fame as one of the world's greatest inventors.

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or better still, switch completely to Ipana for a month.... Buy a large tube at any druggist's and see what Ipana can do for your teeth and gums

Healthy teeth cannot exist in gums that are not in health. You can give your gums no better care—no better protection against gum disorders—than a twice-daily brushing with Ipana. And Ipana will keep your teeth clean, brilliant and attractive.

THE coupon will bring you a ten-day tube of Ipana Tooth Paste, very gladly sent. That is enough to acquaint you with Ipana's delightful flavor and its power to clean your teeth.

But a large tube, bought of your druggist, will do far more than the sample ever can. Containing enough for a hundred brushings, it will show you what the faithful and steady use of Ipana can do for the health of your mouth and the health of your gums in particular.

Why our gums today need Ipana and massage

To remain firm and sound, our gums need work and exercise. Hard, fibrous foods once supplied this, and even a generation ago gum troubles were far less prevalent than today. But our modern cooks, in their unceasing quest for more delicious foods, have taken from our diet the rough and fibrous elements.

As a result, our gums are deprived of the stimulation they were meant to receive from the act of mastication. The blood does not circulate freely through the gum tissues, and they become soft and tender. Sometimes they bleed. And "pink tooth brush" is a warning of more serious troubles to come.

Ask your dentist about the benefits of massage. Very likely he will tell you to massage your gums regularly. Very likely, too, he will advise that the massage itself be performed with Ipana *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

For our professional men have acquainted 50,000 dentists with Ipana and its unique properties. Its content of ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by the profession, gives Ipana the power to aid in the toning and strengthening of gums, and to render them more resistant to disease.

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